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ἔνθα βούλῃσι μὲν γιγνόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι
καὶ ποιεῖν καὶ Μῶσιον καὶ Ὑλάδα

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

PRINCETON N.J.

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"THE HON. SENATOR FROM BUNCOMBE"!

THE compliments of the season with us, just now, are mutual interrogations, usually as to form and spirit, without the variation of half a semitone, chanted as followeth: "Well, old fellow, what are you going to do after you leave college?"

The reader will not require any *hasheesh*, or *laudanum*, to quicken his imagination, that he may conceive what the common run of answers are. One replies that he shall (D. V.) study theology; another, medicine; a few propose merchandizing; two or three intend practising for carpet-knights and getting married, but the plurality reply that they are going to study *law*. "Ah! law, eh! very good profession!" we return, but our thoughts always go farther, and we think of what leads them to this pursuit.

The motives we may safely state are, 1st, the prospect of a livelihood; but 2d, and foremost, that it is a good stepping-stone to Politics.

"Sicut dicimus,
Sic et credimus."

and, *wethinks*, that the night voices, that "lull the souls of these to a holy, calm delight," are principally such as that at the head of this article. In day-dreams and in night visions they conceive themselves "distinguished senators" and "honorable gentlemen": they imagine themselves haranguing listening assemblies—holding their passions in sway, "as the clay is in the hands of the potter"; they fancy themselves greeted with shouts of applause and ejaculations of 'hear'!

'hear'!; and picture themselves reading the reportorial account of their speeches, in the next day's telegram to the associated press. Such is the prospect, in vista, of our alumni, who commence the study of law; and we state it, generally, as a salient and plain fact, which any one can verify by referring to the triennials of different colleges, that a plurality, if not a majority of college graduates, eventually enter political life. This kind of life must, therefore, have connected with it very great attractions, and of the nature which we have intimated; but let us dwell upon them more particularly, and perhaps notice also some of its penalties.

The paramount charm of political life is the *hope of fame*, which it offers. Several years ago, (we recollect it perfectly well,) our nation was twice in quite rapid succession called to mourn departed statesmen. Every where, from the cloistered hamlet to the thronged metropolis, the hum of business ceased, and as the corteges of the heroes of the forum were borne towards their sepulchres, more funeral rites were celebrated than by the ceremonial Greeks over the dead body of Patroclus. It is this pageantry, which attends the obsequies of public men, such as Webster and Clay, that speaks in thunder tones to the ambition of youth, and invites them to public life. Fame, we must admit, waits upon a successful political career, and no inducement could be stronger than this to the young aspirant; for as Milton says:

"Fame is the spur, which the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Again, supposing the case of a young man of good average ability, let us observe still farther, how the potent charmer, fame, conducts her operations. Our hero has just been admitted to the bar; a political campaign is in progress, and enthusiastic partisans are every where addressing the multitude; he hears the rounds of applause which greet the persuasive speaker, and, conscious of his own powers, naturally desires a similar guerdon. He identifies himself with one party or the other; goes to the public hall and is introduced upon the tribune. The full and clear voice of youth gives

him at once a favorable reception; his first natural modesty is readily overcome, and he soon feels that his eloquence has power. An audience, accustomed to drink from the standing pools of modern fogysm, he leads to "the deep wells of Plato and the golden fountains of the Stagyrte"—long bound to an Ixion wheel of narrow political thought, he places them, as it were, in the car of Phœbus, and affords them a more wide and comprehensive view of the nation's situation and wants. How thrilling must be the sensation of pleasure which the orator experiences, when he feels that his audience is to him but

"As a pipe, upon which he sounds what stop he pleases";

How delightful it must be for him to know, from the applause which he receives, that he has moved responsive chords! Moreover, in merited praise itself, there is something very satisfactory. It nourishes self-esteem, which if not present in too prominent a degree, is becoming in every one; it causes the blood to dance merrily through the veins, and making one pleased with himself, renders him open to the reception of pleasure from every possible source. As Dr. Franklin says, "it would not be altogether absurd for a man to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of this life."

When such are the rewards of political life in its very first inception, can it be wondered that youthful ambition should be still further spurred on. Our young barrister, in his love of fame, is not content with one ovation, he aspires still higher, and seeks first municipal honors, then those of the state, and finally of the nation—hoping, also, that when at last, he has pillowed his head, to take that sleep which knows no awakening, it may be amid the lamentations of bereaved and grateful countrymen. Thus it is that in every stage of his progress "up the mount of glory," he is, by ministering spirits of the goddess of Fame, encouraged and led onward, as was Bunyan's Pilgrim, by angels in his ascent of Mount Zion.

Captivating indeed is political life, if our picture, in which Fame stands forth prominently "covered with light, as with a garment" is a faithful one; and it is—but defective in the shading. Truth compels us to draw a few dark lines over the canvass; and Fame, though unquestionably attractive, must

be portrayed with its inevitable shadow—jealousy. There are always some little-minded men, whose souls are so small that an almond shell would contain them, and so callous that you can almost imagine that they would rattle like that fruit, if shaken—these kind of men, we say, can never perceive any merit in any one, however distinguished; they set themselves up for critics, and endeavor to mar the reputation of those infinitely above them. To this class, especially, belong the two-penny-newspaper reporters; men, who almost invariably seem to have an unaccountable degree of jealousy that is equalled only by their dullness. We have seldom read a reporter's criticism upon an orator or an actor, upon an oration or a play, that was not, at least, two-thirds detraction and misrepresentation. But, not to harp on this worn out string, it is sufficient to say that such petty disparagement every aspirant for political honors must expect. The feeble hum of the contemptible insects of the hour, that buzz most where the sun shines brightest, must be endured, though it infallibly annoys: disparagement is one of the penalties of political life.

As we turn again to look at our picture, we seem to hear a voice sounding upon our ears, in the cadences of an Oriental tongue, saying to us, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Yes! the fame achieved by political life has another counter charm; it is its universally acknowledged insignificance, when viewed with eyes closing on the world, when what is substantial can alone be regarded with satisfaction. What said the late honored statesman of New England, on his death bed, when inquired of as to the state of his mind? "I feel like the jack-daw on the church steeple"—and what of him? Hear what Cowper says:

"He sees this great roundabout;
The world with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he? Caw!"

We know that all this is generally disregarded by the young and the aspiring; "the vapidness of earthly honor!" they say,

"the old story; you are sermonizing." So we are, but this must be mentioned if we would tell a true story: it is one of the penalties of political life.

In considering the charms of politics, is the hope of fame only to be mentioned? Some may think that the spoils of office may be ranked among them. These most certainly do have attractions for one class of politicians,—those who junket at the "Pewter Mug," and hold caucusses at Old Tammany,—for aldermen, councilmen, city judges, mayors and revenue officers;—but this is not the class to which we allude in this essay. Those, who are able to reach an epoch in their lives, when they can truly be called public men—to reach the dignity of statesmen—are seldom solicitous about mere gain. They desire a competent support and this should be and is universally provided, but it is seldom enough to prove inviting to the avaricious, even if men capable of reaching political eminence were generally mercenary.

My friends, who expect to be "the honorable Senators from Buncombe," care nothing for pecuniary reward. Fame stands first in the category of their pursuits; but they do not like to admit this even to themselves as the main-spring of their actions. So they throw over it the glittering cover of beneficence; or they may imagine that to attain the honor they crave, they must be useful—that usefulness is unavoidable: hence it is that the *opportunity of usefulness* becomes also one of the charms of political life. Undoubtedly, the statesman has an extensive field for benevolent exertion; upon legislation depends much the nation's happiness and well-being; interests of no minor importance are entrusted to our legislators, and it is lamentable that they are so frequently disregarded in blind subservience to party and to self. But public usefulness, we say, is not generally the foremost aim of public life. From the biography of Wilberforce, we draw a remarkable example of the superiority of motives addressed to worldly policy, over those addressed to conscience. Wilberforce with forty other members of the House of Commons formed a club called the Independents, who determined to seek only the good of the country, and whose principle of union was to take neither

place, pension nor peerage. Yet the fascinations of ambition were so great that "in a few years, the fierceness of their independence so far yielded that he and a Mr. Banks alone of all their party, held their original simplicity of station." Doubtless, the thirty-eight performed many acts of patriotism and self-devotion, but such exertions were only secondary—they were sedatives to conscientious qualms,—distinction was their darling and primary object. Two only, out of the forty, made usefulness paramount. However, good actions, even though the motive be sordid, carry with them a recompense. Persons attend charity balls and charity concerts for the sake of amusement, but still the reflection that the money expended will be devoted to the relief of the needy, affords no slight degree of satisfaction. Hence, we may very properly, as we have done, class the opportunity of usefulness, whether regarded as secondary to ambition, as an opiate to conscience, or as an end for its own sake, among the charms of political life.

We should fail of mentioning the principal penalty that waits upon legislative distinction, if we omitted to state that the public man becomes public property. Every one is perfectly well acquainted with him and feels at liberty to intrude his society upon him at any time. If he travels, each day's progress is recorded in the public journals, with as much accuracy as Xenophon reports the parasangs of Cyrus' marches. Under the head of "Personal" is stated the hotel at which he stops, and whether or not his family is with him. All his most private domestic matters are retailed by the scandal-loving public; his home is continually thronged with guests, and his table is a table d'hôte. To some all this may be agreeable; there are those who, the more they are talked about and thronged, the more they are gratified: but probably, to most men such an omni-publicity must be exceedingly distasteful—a severe penalty of political life.

The foregoing are the principal charms and counter-charms of the profession of Politics, and we think that the consideration of them may,

*"Like the Jews' famed oracle of gems
Sparkle instruction."*

If the shadow of fame is jealousy ; if glory affords no ultimate consolation ; if acts of usefulness, proceeding from interested motives, yield comparatively little satisfaction ; if the sacredness of your home is to be invaded, is not public life rather to be shunned than courted ? What do you say, my friend, who are prospectively, "the honorable Senator from Buncombe ?" He says nothing. The deduction we would make is this. Let every one, with the utmost deliberation, decide for himself to what sphere in life he is best adapted—in what pursuits he can do the most *good*. If he believes that he is called to political life, let him manfully enter upon it, *not* having for his aim the gratification of his worldly ambition, but the service of his country and mankind : then, if fame and emolument attend his exertions, let them be received with gratitude ; if disappointment and reverses, calumny and petty annoyance, he should, and an approving conscience will so enable him, bear them as Quintilian says, "*aut animo Catonis, aut Ciceronis stomacho.*"

DIX.

H O P E.

There is a saying, short but sweet,
Which he who hears must oft repeat ;
How sweet the thought of him who spake,
" If 'twere not for hope, the heart would break."

Hope is a balm to the wounded heart,
When we from loved ones have to part ;
Hope saves our heart from many an ache :
If 'twere not for hope the heart would break.

When those we love are called to die,
And stand before the Judge on high,
How sweet the thought of him, who spake,
If 'twere not for hope, the heart would break.

When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,
And many griefs our souls enshroud,
Hope on—hope ever—hope never forsake,
If 'twere not for hope, the heart would break.

And thus through life, in sunshine or shade,
May the bright star of hope our standard be made ;
Look aloft, then, in trouble and valor awake,
If 'twere not for hope, the heart would break.

C. C.

POE AS A POET.

It is an incontestable fact, that the excellence of an author's writings is often inversely as their bulk. To have written Gray's *Elegy* is a surer passport to immortality than the ponderous tomes of Guicciardini. It is not impossible, then, that Poe's poetry, although it amounts to scarce three thousand lines, may be of sufficient excellence to entitle him to an honorable seat among the *Vates*.

The nature and elements of poetry have been of late so adequately discussed in our midst, that it is not necessary to dwell upon the subject here. Suffice it to say, that Poe's views of the art were eminently correct. He believed that its aim was to give melodious utterance to human joys, human griefs, human aspirations after the good, the beautiful and the true. It is a universal language that the poet speaks—the language of the heart. He speaks to men, not as the orator or statesman speaks—to a single age or a single State ; but to humanity everywhere in every generation.

There are, tis true, always some whom the poet does not address. To those who have no thought save what they shall eat and drink and wherewithal they shall be clothed, the poet never speaks. His message is to those whose attention is not wholly confined to things of sense ; who have some longings after beauty for its own sake ; who within the actual, can see somewhat of the ideal world.

In no American do we find evidences of a truer poetic spirit

than in Poe. His poems seem to us to give him a clearer title to fame than even his tales. Through the former we also gain a more pleasing view of his disposition than we should otherwise have had. For while his tales are almost invariably weird, gloomy and supernatural, seeming to have been composed, in those days of sorrow when he could see not even the faintest glimmer of light, many of his poems, on the contrary, appear, from their happier tone, to have been written in those brighter moments, (which were to him ah how few!) when through the partially broken clouds which continually overhung him, he could see the sun shining, and so be made to feel that the world was not *all* darkness. Not that any of them are in the slightest degree characterized by levity and mirth. Far otherwise. Poe's poetic spirit was too refined to suffer him to write comic poems, falsely so called. He would not degrade his heaven-sprung muse to the grovelling purposes of the clown and the buffoon. Besides, Poe had dwelt too exclusively "in a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light is as darkness," to produce anything trivial or humorous. For these reasons it is, that even the most cheerful of his poems are pervaded by a certain tinge of sadness which he maintains, and we believe, correctly, "to be connected with all the higher manifestations of beauty,

'A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.'

Poe breathes forth his whole soul in these poems, and their language, as soul-language always must be, is powerful. In them we have the utterances of real feelings. "Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; no wire-drawn refinings, either in thought or feeling; the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps." It is the sincerity, the manifest *truth* of his poems that gives them their power. The pathos of Annabel Lee would touch hardest hearted man, even if he were ignorant of the circumstances in which it was written. But its tenderness seems still more exquisite when

it is considered, as it really was, a tribute to a dear wife whom her kindred the angels took away from him, because of their passionate love.

* * * * *

"But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me."

But with the soul of the departed one he holds sweet and unceasing communion:

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

It was well indeed for poor Poe that he was a poet, and could, in the darkest hours of his life, when friends failed him, and adversity laid its hand heavily upon him, turn away from the bitter trials of the external world, and in imagination surround himself with forms of loveliness and purity. He had *felt* that to be in an eminent degree *true* which he wrote of dream-land.

"For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow,
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!"

The poem of "Annabel Lee," quoted above, affords an exemplification, though by no means the best one that might be furnished, of another of Poe's excellencies—melodious versification. In this he is unsurpassed by any poet living or dead. The "echo of sound to sense" in some of his poems is really wonderful. Will any one dispute this who has read his *Bells*? Nor is this exquisite melody obtained by those bungling inversions to which clumsy poets resort to make the feet correct and the lines jingle. On the contrary, his style is eminently easy, graceful and natural.

By far his finest poem is the "*Raven*." Upon this he concentrated all the powers of his genius, and as the result, produced a work which would do credit to the greatest poet that

ever lived. Its matchless rhythm, glowing imagination, and intense truth, stamp it as the production of one endowed with no ordinary measure of the "faculty divine." The poem, as every one acquainted with Poe's history must see, is, in a remarkable degree, an embodiment of his personal experience. The "ghostly, gaunt and ominous" raven, which, to all his joyous anticipations and passionate inquiries after the "balm of Gilead," continually croaks "*Nevermore*," symbolizes the despair which, at first regarded as a passing shadow, that on the morrow will depart as his "hopes have flown before," grows darker and darker, till gloom, unilluminated by a single ray of hope, takes complete and everlasting possession of his soul.

"And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
*And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE.*"

What utter desolation of spirit is here! Surely this is the language of a soul which, even in this life, feels the awful foreshadowings of a judgment to come! What a terrible place that gorgeously furnished apartment with the embers dying on the hearth, and the "ebony bird" perched on the marble bust, the prophet of misery and woe!

Poor Poe! how sad it is, that one endowed with such magnificent genius, that one, who might have thrown such lustre on American letters, should have been so bad at heart, and wasted his splendid talents by dissipation, which brought him in the morning of life to a drunkard's grave! His, too, was almost an unlamented death. This must have been owing, not to any very unprovoked enmity which men bore him, but to the extraordinary wickedness of his life; for the world is apt to be not harsh, but lenient in its judgment of a man whom death has just seized for his own. When the kindly Burns died, who had spoken out so nobly what the great heart of Scotland felt, the whole nation was willing to forget his dark and multitudinous sins, and think of him only as its great interpreter and sympathizing friend.

But not many grieved for Poe, because he had hated his species; and it was meet that the dust of a misanthrope should be hallowed by few tears. One sincere mourner there was, 'tis true, who had watched over the erring man through all his dark journey, who had shared his bitter sorrows, and drunk with him to the dregs the cup of adversity—the mother of his “Lost Lenore.” And yet, guilty as it was, the soul that once animated the ashes over which but *one* woman wept, must have had in it something, we do not say how much—but at least *something*, of good. While, therefore, we would hold up to view Poe’s miserable career, as a warning to all who are apt to be dazzled by a display of genius, and to undervalue the higher qualities of the heart, yet we protest against the uncharitableness of those who, denying him the possession of a single virtue, avow that he was a compound, in equal proportions, of the genius, the brute and the fiend. Let such, remembering that poor human nature is at best but weak, thank the kind heavenly parent, that if endowed with no less impetuous natures, they have at least in youth been subjected to better discipline, and so shielded in after life from the bitter trials which brought ruin on Edgar A. Poe.

INCOG.

ON THE DEATH OF H. K. W. MUSE.*

Let fall the sable veil,
Mournfully now;
Chant ye the funeral wail,
Tenderly low;
Weep, that the sods press the cold, silent breast
Of a brother laid in the grave to rest.

Shed now the bitter tear
Over the tomb;
Call up the mem’ries dear,
Out from the gloom;
Weep, that a cloud our vision hath crossed,
Though tears ne’er recall the loved and the lost.

* Mr. M. was a member of the Junior class of our college; was gifted with the highest talents, and respected and beloved by all who knew him. His death was caused by the explosion of a steambout on the Mississippi, Feb. 4th, 1858.

Sing ye his requiem,
Winds of the sea ;
Bear the sad anthem
Far o'er the lea.
There, in soft cadence do wild echoes moan,
There, from home's circle a brother is gone.
Tell us, ye fires of night,
Is he then dead ?
Tell us, ye angels bright,
Where has he fled ?
List ! 'twas the song of a spirit redeemed.
And sweet, oh, how sweet its melody seemed.

E P I T A P H .

In youth's gay summer hours,
He passed away ;
Life's choicest, rarest flowers
Around him lay ;
And though from earth he won no empty fame,
He left that priceless gem, a noble name.
Go ! tell thy spirit now,
In night's still hour ;
That on thy joyous brow,
Death's cloud may lower.
And think that in the vale you too must lie,
And *shudder* as you think 'so young to die.'

N10.

REVIEWS.

REGARDED from a literary point of view, this may be called an age of Reviews. In the last literary age there were a few specimens of this class of periodicals, such as the Spectator, the Idler, the Tattler, the Rambler, *et id omne genus*; but these were hardly more than what a geologist would call prophetic types of the species, like the inconsiderable reptiles of the upper stratum of the Devonian age. The Review of the present day is a very different thing.

Before we begin, however, a discussion of the nature, origin and influence of Reviews, we would state that we have no reference to Magazines. We refer to the English and American Quarterlies, and not to Harper, Ballou, the Atlantic, New York Ledger, and so forth, and so forth. The higher class of Reviews, however, form a very important and a very influential portion of modern literature—they are no longer mere collections of book-notices, like the first numbers of the Edinburgh, or single essays, like the Spectator and its compeers, but volumes of elaborate treatises, on important subjects, filled with deep thought, strong argument, and profound research. Books are indeed criticised, and, as we shall see, it is thus that Reviews become useful; but this criticism is not in detail, but in classes. For example: we have before us the North British Review for February. The eighth article is on "Capital and Currency." At the head of the article is a list of eight books on the subject, the principles embodied in which the author proposes to discuss, in connexion with the development of his own views. Two ends are here attained: the putting forth of original views, and criticism of a portion of the current literature; the latter, however, subservient to the former, and general, not particular, in its character. The distinction, thus illustrated, leads us naturally to the rationale of the modern Review.

So many books are published now, that it is impossible to read all even of those that are worth reading. But as it is highly desirable to be acquainted with the literature of the

day, and to have a better knowledge than could be acquired by hastily skimming over it, there was felt, some time since, the necessity of some means of gaining this information in as condensed a form as possible. Reviews were introduced to supply this desideratum. At first—as we have intimated—was the case with the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh*—they consisted of mere collections of criticisms on different books. It was soon found, however, that the same difficulty here recurred. As the current literature increased, books became too numerous to be treated in this way; particular criticism became criticism general, and the old critique was merged into the modern essay—an original treatise on a topic of interest, with collateral remarks, in the light of principles previously laid down, on books bearing on the point under discussion.

The influence of an ably conducted Review of this description is necessarily very great. It classifies and condenses current literature; it is the interpreter between authors and the reading public; and is, to a very considerable extent, the guide of public opinion. The importance of such Reviews can hardly be estimated. From their pages we can in a few hours glean information, and form opinions, which we would otherwise be years in compiling and deducing. The prominent questions of interest in the different departments of science and art are now so many and so varied, that no one can fully investigate them all. Each, as his inclination leads him, devotes himself to profound research in his chosen pursuit: and through the pages of the Review, as the readiest medium, mutual inchanges of opinion are effected. An able and honestly conducted Review, it is evident, must be a powerful agent for good, drawing, sun-like, the sweet waters from the “multitudinous sea” of knowledge, and sending them down in refreshing showers upon the world.

But for the same reasons, Reviews may be very hurtful. They become so when they prostitute their influence to the advancement of unworthy ends, to the support of immoral and anarchical theories, to the attempted establishment of skeptical opinions—which harm has in fact been done, of late, in

the way last mentioned. It is a fact to be lamented, but not to be denied, that the infidel philosophy of France and Germany has lately been diffused to an alarming extent. Cousin's philosophical writings—which are little more than a reproduction of the German Pantheism, as no one who reads the Princeton Review will incline to doubt; and Comte's positive philosophy—which we have the same authority for pronouncing the boldest materialism—have been recently very extensively read and discussed, and too extensively and indiscriminately adopted by literary men. The brilliancy and profundity of the one, and the prodigious learning and power of the other, make these works very valuable, as contributions to science; and, as long as their influence was restricted to the circle of philosophers, their injurious effects were comparatively small, as their errors were generally rejected, while their true deductions were adopted. And we can safely say that had these dangerous opinions remained locked up in the ponderous tomes where they were placed by their authors, their influence would have been thus restricted, and the mass of the people would have known little and cared less of what Cousin thought about “Triplicity in Unity,” or Comte of the “Hierarchy of the Sciences.” When the Reviews, however, began to discuss these principles, and in some cases even to avow and defend them, the case became different. These dangerous speculations were thus mediated to the comprehension of all, and the natural consequences soon began to appear. There are always those who are silly enough to suppose it rather an intellectual thing to entertain skeptical opinions, and who would follow such an author as Cousin, were some one only kind enough to tell them what he meant to say, with as implicit a faith as a flock of sheep in the footsteps of a patriarchal ram. That such individuals do still exist, and that they have been encouraged to prate by such an injudicious, not to say culpable course of action, on the part of Reviews, as we have above adverted to; that, in the words of the expressive proverb—“fools are not all dead yet,” and that they still love to proclaim their folly, any one will be convinced who refers to the last number of the Westminster Review, where he will find an

article, which it were superfluous to call stolid, on the "Religious weakness of Protestantism," embodying the same old argument against miracles, which has been so often and so completely demolished and pulverised, that it was indeed to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, and the credit of common sense, that no one would ever be silly enough to try to reconstruct it.

We have dwelt on this point thus much to show one way in which the influence of Reviews may be abused; and also, incidentally, how false systems of philosophy harm the world. But we would be by no means understood as blaming the reviewing of such books, or the discussion of such principles. Far from it. "Who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty? Or who ever knew truth to be worsted in an open encounter?" But since the influence of Reviews is so great, and since there are such men as we have described, too much care cannot be taken as to the mode of carrying on such discussions. The antidote should always be presented in connexion with the poison. And a clear distinction should be drawn between the scientific and the atheistical opinions of such men as we have referred to; and if the former are defended, the latter should be distinctly repudiated; and moreover, it should be clearly shown that there is no necessary connexion between the two. Incalculable harm has been done by Christian Reviews, by want of care in this particular.

There is another way in which Reviews abuse their power, namely, by descending from their high position as teachers of the public, and becoming mere vehicles of private animosity. This is not done so often now as formerly as would naturally be inferred from the change in the form of Review—articles. The old-fashioned critique was essentially personal in its character, and where there was bad feeling between the reviewer and the reviewed, it required more calmness and impartiality than usually fall to the lot of man, to refrain from abuse. The reviewer should, however, be as dispassionate as a judge. Jeffrey acknowledged this in theory when he chose as a motto for "The Edinburgh," "*Judex*

damnatur cum nocens absolvitur; but in practice he deviated very much from the judicial standard. Had there been perfect impartiality on both sides, it is hardly within the limits of probability, that he and Wilson would have formed such radically different opinions on every poem that Wordsworth ever wrote. The essay-style which now pervades almost all Review articles, necessarily prevents this fault in a great degree. The opposite error is more likely to be committed, that is, in leaving out personal prejudices, all preferences whatever are discarded, no particular principles are adhered to, and the Review becomes impersonal, characterless and nugatory. We believe adherence to some settled principles, and moreover, resolute maintenance of them, to be indispensable to the success of a Review. How often do we see in prospectuses that "this periodical will be devoted to the interests of no particular party or clique, but will occupy a high national position with regard to the questions of the day;" and how invariably do such periodicals collapse. There seems to be a very general and a very strange misconception on this point. We often hear devotion to party spoken of as if it were something reprehensible; and moderation, trimming—"high-toned national conservatism" as it is sometimes mis-called—extolled as in the highest degree praiseworthy. But what is "devotion to party," in the true sense of the term? Nothing else than zeal for what is believed to be truth. A proposition and its contradictory cannot both be true. If a man is convinced of the truth of a set of principles, inasmuch as it is his duty to uphold the right and repel the wrong, it is his business to defend them, a business in which he should be diligent, and fervent in spirit, too. To be otherwise, to hesitate and falter, to halt between two opinions, to be neither cold nor hot, to see so much to be said on both sides that really you would not like to commit yourself, shows either ignorance the most lamentable, or indecision the most contemptible. To be a trimmer presupposes either stupidity, knavery, or a Laodicean lukewarmness most appropriately and forcibly stigmatized in the Holy Writ. "But there are many questions whose decision rests on calculation of probabilities, and on which some degree of indecision is unavoidable, and whereon very great

zeal, pro or con, would be inappropriate." This is undoubtedly true. But we are speaking of the propriety of the Reviews' throwing the weight of their influence in favor of one or other of the great parties of a country—becoming, in short party journals; and we assert with considerable dogmatism, that no two sets of principles have long divided men's minds, the difference between which could not be reduced to a simple question of "yes or no;" and here, as we have said, indecision is culpable and absurd. There is, it is true, one alternative left, namely, to say nothing at all about the matter; but experience has shown this to be suicidal. Which are the prominent popular Reviews in the English language of the present day? The English and Scotch quarterlies—all strongly partisan—and the American religious reviews, no less so, although in a higher sense. Or, which involves the same principle, which are the most prominent and influential journals of the day, the partisan papers or *family papers* devoted to literature, the fine arts, wit, humor and the development of the social affections? Devotion to, and fearless maintenance of, chosen principles give a character to a Review that it cannot otherwise attain. To take an example near home: who doubts but that, ably conducted as it is in all its departments, the influence of the Princeton Review would be greatly diminished, were it to cease to be a lofty watch-tower on the heights of orthodoxy, with the five points of Calvinism for its impregnable buttresses.

Of course, mere devotion to party is not enough. We have no idea that the Atlantic Monthly will ever be a first class Review, unless it ceases to fill its pages with nonsensical love-stories, however zealous it may be in the dissemination of its peculiar principles.

When our standard current literature has so increased, that a Review becomes necessary for reasons before mentioned, and when such a periodical, ably conducted, adopts and boldly defends the principles of one of our great political parties, the United States will, for the first time, have a first class Review.

OSIRIS.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

The advantages of an education are universally acknowledged. The time has passed when men were content to know as much as their fathers, and deemed anything beyond that entirely useless. To discuss the benefits resulting from a general diffusion of knowledge, would be as absurd as to endeavor to prove the truth of an axiom by syllogistic reasoning. While it may be of some advantage to the dominant party in a despotic government to prevent the enlightenment of the masses, no one can doubt the policy of an opposite course in a Republican State. In such a country as ours the subject of education possesses a peculiar interest; and the devising of means whereby an opportunity may be afforded to every one to acquire some degree of knowledge, is of paramount importance. As our institutions, both civil and religious, are under the guidance of the people at large, the importance of rendering them competent to direct and control those institutions in a manner which shall best promote the prosperity of the confederacy and their own happiness, is manifest to every reflecting mind. The profession of teacher is one of the most important that can be exercised in a free government. It has for its object the cultivation of the mind and training of the intellect, an object well worthy of the attention of every philanthropist. To it we are indebted for all our prosperity as a nation; for all our happiness as individuals. The teacher goes forth to his daily occupation with a full consciousness of the important nature of his work; and as he endeavors to impart instruction to those committed to his care; as he seeks to kindle into a flame the spark of genius which may lie hidden beneath a rough exterior, he is encouraged from the consideration, that though his reward may not be given to him now, in after years he shall be hailed by his scholars as their benefactor and friend. The nature of the profession is such that none can be more inviting. What can be a more pleasant or interesting task than the imparting of instruction?—the unfolding the powers of the mind and developing its resources—the imparting a thirst for

knowledge, and furnishing means whereby that thirst may be slaked. The physician has for his task the healing of the body—the lawyer spends his time among musty books, and in crowded court rooms, harrassed by interruptions and petty bickerings—but the teacher pursues his humble profession, and silently, though surely accomplishes most benevolent purposes.

While the benefits resulting from colleges and academies are great, and while the part they play in promoting the cause of education is important, still they cannot be considered as places for the education of the masses. A respectable acquaintance with general topics of study, and an outlay of time and money utterly beyond the reach of the majority of the people, are essential to the enjoyment of their privileges; so that they furnish advantages to be enjoyed only by a favored few. Besides, it would be useless for every individual to devote his time to the acquiring of knowledge which would be of no practical advantage to him in after life. The mechanic and the artisan do not need an education so thorough and extensive as the minister or the lawyer. So it is with the other occupations of life, some requiring more knowledge for their acquisition and practice than others; and the class who may be said to be highly educated, must always, from the nature of things, be in the minority. But a knowledge of what may be denominated the foundation of all education, is essential to every one, and he who is ignorant even of these first principles, must be looked upon not only as unfortunate, but as unfit to have any voice in the government under which he lives. It is, therefore, essential to our well being as a nation, that all our citizens possess an education, however superficial or limited it may be; and the chief means of furnishing it to them has always been and must still be the system of common schools.

Of late years the different States, convinced of the inefficiency of the old system, have made great improvements in it; large funds have been appropriated and beneficial laws enacted to render the system as perfect as possible. The greatest difficulty experienced has been the want of a suffi-

cient number of qualified teachers. Out of the 13,445 teachers in the State of Pennsylvania, 6,982 are reported as not being qualified to teach. For the purpose of remedying this defect normal schools have been established. These were instituted, not as an experiment, but with a full confidence in their efficacy, proved by the successful operation and beneficial results of two hundred and eighty establishments of like kind in Great Britain. They are established for the purpose of qualifying teachers, and every scholar is expected to devote a certain portion of time to teaching after his or her graduation. The attention which education is now receiving, and the efforts now being made to bring this inestimable blessing within the reach of all, tend to elevate the profession of the teacher, and place it on an equality with the other learned professions.

W.

WHIG PRINCIPLES.

A recent biographer of Calhoun compares that illustrious statesman to one of the Roman senators, whom Brennus, the Gallic chieftain, found stationed at his post in the Roman Senate chamber. The great statesman was indeed like a Roman Senator, if in naught else, at least in the severe critical analysis which he displayed in all measures, and the unflinching honesty with which he resisted and decried all corruption. He deserved the title, if for naught else, for the bold declaration which he made, and the self evident axiom which he laid down, when he affirmed of the democratic party of this country that "it was held together by the cohesive attraction of the public plunder." This great magnet of the "spoils," is one which always attracts the lesser particles in politics; deprive it of its power and the rusty filings that have clung to it will drop apart, never to be again united, until the old magnet has regained its former power, or another of equal strength has been substituted. We have been led into this train of

thought by an article in a late magazine over the signature of "Siris," and take this opportunity to dissent from the views therein expressed. What little knowledge we possess of the politics of our country, leads us to views which differ collectively and individually from those set forth in the article already mentioned. The writer tells us in so many words that it is his hope that "their names," alluding to the American and Whig parties, "will be heard no more among us." We are constrained to infer that he considers the principles and acts of these parties and their leaders to be subversive of the interests of our country. And can it be wondered at, that in these days of shallow and tricky diplomatists, the teachings of our great statesmen should be met with contumely; that, before the bones which lie entombed at Marshfield and Ashland have begun to moulder, men can be found who can breathe a prayer that such men should never again exist?

That Henry Clay, the great exponent of Whig principles, was unfortunate as a party leader, that he was trodden down and hurried to his grave by the dominant party we cannot deny, but all must concede that he has left behind an escutcheon upon which is written, in words of living fire, a record of gallant deeds and noble heroism, of battles nobly fought and nobly won. The compromises of '20 and '50, the two great life preservers, which have thus far buoyed up the Union on "a sea of troubles," are legacies, which will always perpetuate his fame. The first, it is true, was virtually repealed by the second; but who can doubt that it was the measure best suited to the exigencies of the times, and who will deny the praise to the great master-hand—who, when his first gallant vessel had served its time, had already laid the keel of a nobler craft which would endure for all time? Was not the principle of the "Kansas-Nebraska bill" a mere reflection of the compromise of '50? We do not mean that the principle was borrowed but stolen,—fashioned into a new shape and palmed off as genuine. Upon this single principle does it appear, that "the charge that Democrats now stand where Whigs once stood, is so supremely and ineffably silly?" We deny the premises,

although we admit the conclusion, that "it is difficult to say any thing against it."

Again, says the writer, speaking of the Democratic party, "It has always opposed internal improvements by the general government, except so far as expressly directed by the Constitution." Was the Pacific Rail Road "expressly directed by the Constitution?" If it was not, the gentleman is certainly in error, as a resolution, endorsing its construction by government aid was adopted at the last Democratic Convention. And let me ask again, who were the originators and advocates of that bill? History answers, the Whig party. Thus we find thunderbolt No. 2 is borrowed, and passed off as genuine democratic doctrine. We could give enough examples of this wholesale theft to fill up the remainder of the essay, but there are other points in the article to which we must briefly refer.

Speaking of the Whig party, "Siris" again affirms that "it has been in favor of the imposition of a high tariff on imported goods, *for the purpose of increasing the national revenue, irrespective of the injury done by it to a large portion of the States.*" How does this affirmation accord with that of one of its leaders, who says, "a duty laid upon an article which may be produced here, stimulates the skill and industry of our own country to produce the same article, which is brought into the market in competition with the foreign article, and the importer is thus compelled to reduce his price to that at which the domestic article can be sold, thereby throwing a part of the duty on the producer of the foreign article." Is "the increasing of the national revenue," then, the cause assigned for a high tariff? Was Mr. Clay's "American system" formed for any such purpose? Was it not rather "that the artisan and the agriculturist might be brought together, each affording a ready market for the produce of the other, and the whole country become prosperous, so that the ability to produce every necessary of life renders us independent in war as well as in peace?" It, like many other, good Whig doctrines may be perverted to teach error. "The devil can cite scripture for his purpose," says Antonio, and so say we. Whig doctrine can be made to cover a multitude of democratic sins.

But why should we dwell upon the subject? "If they heard not Moses and the prophets neither will they hear us." If the lips of Prentiss moved in vain; if the massive architecture of Webster's eloquence did not gain the point; if the reason of a Clay was not acknowledged; if the pearls from the "golden mouthed orator" were indeed cast before swine, what can we say to impress the doctrines they advocated? The Whig party is indeed dead, but she lies in a royal sepulchre. Her bones, like her principles and acts, are as white as driven snow; and as the noon-day sun shines down on them, it discovers no blackened spot which argus eyed suspicion might call corruption. The bees were wont once to hide their sweets in the carcass of the noble lion, but alas! now the wasps swarm upon it, seeming to essay with the venom of their stings, to wake the former noble beast to consciousness. To brush away one of these busy buzzing intruders we have raised our hands, and now hope to leave the carcass of the noble beast to a peaceful sleep, hoping that when the ship of state is again tossed in the tempest, men, as faithful to their trust, and as devoted to their country as the old-line whigs, may be found at hand. And when the dark threatenings of disunion may be heard, may the thunder of her sons, as their bones rattle in their coffins, tell the parricide that "there still lives" in the minds of men, aye, and will exist after the ashes of the ephemeral democracy are scattered to the winds, a party whose motto was Honor, Duty and Patriotism, and whose name was the American Whig.

ASHLANDER.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MERCER.*

There's none that can refrain a sigh
O'er poorest mortals humblest bier ;
But where the brave , like Mercer die
Let Freedom shed her warmest tear.

Let that dread place, on which he fell,
Be marked and held a hallowed spot ;
Let towering marble, nations tell
Of Mercer's sad yet glorious lot.

Historic pages are his tomb,
His deeds are worthy of his fame ;
Then his presence shared the gloom,
Now let us glory in his name.

Yet glory dearly bought we feel,
When t'obtain one was lost,
Whom thousands loved when love was real,
And deep as patriot's heart could boast.

Thee, foes but honor and admire,
Friends hold as dear who knew thee not ;
And feel thy lasting strong desire
Was Liberty, thyself forgot.

Thou did'st not fight for honors ; no,
Thy country was thy sole concern ;
For her thou fough'st, for her laid low,
And patriot's heart thy living urn.

Enshrined in hearts, thus Mercer rest,
A bright example thou hast given ;
Rest sweetly (never more oppressed)
Till thou, so noble, wake in Heaven.

*Written on the last anniversary of his death.

THE CROSS.

Since the time, when Palamedes of Argos formed the first systematic line of battle, almost every people has had its national emblem to distinguish it in contest, and under which it has fought inspired with a superstitious confidence of success. The cry of Allah Ackbar has swelled defiantly and high behind the crescent of Mahomet; the standard of the Fleur-de-lis has gleamed over many a well-fought battle-field; the stout yeomanry of England have often pressed on to victory animated by the blood-stained banner of their country; and the Indian of our own land, if he has no other warlike symbol than the hideous panoply with which he covers his body, finds his ensign in the waving of his chieftain's crest, his standard in the sheen that glitters from his battle-axe. But there is a standard which has been oftener elevated and oftener victorious than the irresistible eagle of the Roman legions or the proud emblazoning of the English lion. It is the banner of the cross. Simple as it is, formed but by two transverse lines, it is emblematic of more honor and the sign manual of nobler blood, than ever flowed through the veins of the Plantagenets, or beat in the pulses of the Bourbons—not of honor which rests upon antiquity for its authority, nor of blood whose only title to nobility is in a long line of ancestral glory—but of honor which is its own architect and guardian, and of blood which is ennobled by the soul. Under this banner of the cross the armies of the Christian faith have for centuries been marshalled. Since God offered up upon Calvary his incarnate Son for the redemption of mankind, the cross has ever been the ensign of victory to his followers, the banner under which they have waged war with him who rose in arms against their mighty chief. In every age and in every clime it has been surrounded by brave and valiant soldiers; it has been planted amidst the eternal snow and cold of the North, in the shadow of Icelandic Hecla; it has been elevated among hosts of followers in our own land, nor has it lacked defenders in that clime where its glorious counterpart shines above all the gems that deck the diadem of might.

When, at Agincourt, the sacred oriflamme of France appeared for the last time, above the lillies that characterized that national standard, shone the golden cross. In the times of romance and of chivalry, when the watch-word "God, honor and the ladies" sprang from every knightly mouth, the highest distinction was the cross emblazoned on their arms, the deepest disgrace its effacement from the escutcheon of their heraldry. When Columbus planted upon St. Salvador the banner of discovery, and the morning breeze unfurled its gorgeous folds, above the glittering emblems of Spanish rule appeared the cross of that faith which was soon spread over the western world.

But not alone on tented field, nor to the sound of martial music, has the cross evinced its greatest superiority. Its noblest victories have been achieved in a far different combat, and for a far nobler cause—in the battle for religion and for truth. In this great moral contest it has encountered foes more numerous than the furious myriads of Saracenic fanatics, more dangerous than the serried ranks of Romish persecutors. We do not now speak of the cross as surrounded by splendid rites and ceremonies, and all the gorgeous trappings of hierarchy—not of the cross as clouded by the smoke of incense, or as worshipped at the beck of the Papal descendant of the apostles—but of the cross whose homage springs from the inmost soul; of the cross as hallowed by the blood of martyrs, and made sacred by many a widow's tear.

It will be found, upon a rigid scrutiny of the annals of history, and a careful survey of the advance of national power, that the progress of civilization has been coeval with the spread of religion: and not only this, but that national prosperity, is dependent upon Christianity, and national degradation proportionate to the degree of disregard with which its dogmas are treated. Christianity is a national deodand—the heavenly palladium of civil rights, possessed of which, States and empires will eventually stand secure against the fierce onsets of malicious foes. But, if the crafty Ulysses of this world should succeed in stealing it from the Temple of safety, there will be enemies admitted unconsciously within the State

defences when prudence slumbers in fancied security. Religion is the chain which binds the several elements of a government together; and whether it be golden or alloyed, the moment it is lost or broken asunder, they will be confounded into their original chaos. Such was the case with regard to the mythological religion of Greece. The age of Socrates was the golden era of national happiness and reputation; the extension of that impulse which he communicated was, step by step, concurrent with the progress of civil decline. When the beautiful fabric of their ancient religion was torn from its foundation, no other was raised upon its ruins. The deception and absurdity attendant upon it were indeed banished, but virtue and happiness went also; the light of a deluded hope was exchanged for the darkness of despair. The *ignis fatuus* of reason hovered over the quicksands in which their mythology had been lost.

Mankind is moral as well as social in its temperament, and man in the aggregate must live under a rule which acknowledges some form of religion. A government which does not recognize the superintendence of a higher power than itself, can no more exist, than can the most accurately constructed machine move without the agency of man. The revolutionists of France thought otherwise, but events have refuted them—"they sowed to the whirlwind and they reaped the storm." They dragged Catholicism from its pedestal, and made Liberty their idol; prostitution sat in state at the Tuilleries, and murder walked openly at noon day. When their national irreligion had reached its culmination, God, in wrath, gave them a tyrant, who sacrificed his domestic happiness upon the altar of ambition, and christened the infant empire with a baptism of blood.

Religion of any kind will not, however, ensure the perpetuity of governmental institutions. For the fulfillment of this end, it must assert a divine origin; there must be certain fundamental principles which are to be admitted without argument or investigation. They occupy a depth of science which the line of reason cannot fathom; and, in reference to their truth, the sentence of authority must stand in the place of demonstration. Reason may ascend, with confidence and se-

curity, to the limits of her proper atmosphere, but there is an elevation beyond which she finds nothing to support her drooping life. In a word, if a nation would be secure, her people must believe in the God of David; and that not as he is shown to us through the brilliant media of Papacy, or the alluring enticements of Mohamedanism, but as he appears in the pure light of that religion which it is our privilege to have received.

Do we look for examples of the truth of this? History will supply them ungrudgingly. The Egyptians persecuted Christianity, but the fiat of desolation went forth from its author, and it has lived to see the grand monuments of Shishak and Rameses levelled with the dust. To the Jew it was an abomination, and yet it has witnessed the temple of Solomon bereft of the Shekinah's presence, his capital in ruins, and himself a "by-word and a reproach among nations." The Greek laughed it to scorn, and it has seen the death of his philosophy, and the summit of the Acropolis, where once stood the Parthenon, a naked and desolate waste. The Roman trampled it to the dust, yet in a wider circle, and with a more unfaltering eye, it swooped victoriously upon the fallen eagle. In every national edifice which has been consecrated to a religion other than Christianity, when perhaps the architects and inhabitants were revelling in effeminacy and were drunken with prosperity, there have come forth fingers which have written upon its falling walls. "*Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin.*"

These are but the records of the past; what are the responses of the present? Through the long-drawn galleries of time, we yet hear the distinct echo of that command which more than three thousand years ago was delivered to the chosen people of Israel. "I am the Lord, thy God: him only shalt thou serve." We turn first to those countries whose acknowledged religion is one which professes to derive the authority of its infallibility from those who followed the footsteps of the Messiah; which exalts a mortal woman over her immortal son, worships the Deity by proxy, and has surrendered into the hands of a sinful man the indulgent power of entrance to Paradise. It has not been long, in an historical point of view,

since the whole continent of Europe was held in obedience to the iron rod of Papacy. The authority of royalty was as nothing to the mandate of the pope; the crown and the sword, when weighed against the tiara and the mitre, were as "dust in the balance;" and the bull of excommunication rendered the lawful monarch despised and abhorred by his own subjects. Now how changed! In our times would a prince submit to have the pope's foot placed upon his neck, when he bent to kiss his toe? Would a king of England now hold the stirrup for his holiness to mount, or an emperor of Germany stand in the depth of winter, barefooted, at his castle gate, begging an audience of the Romish hierarch?

The pope is now a sovereign pontiff only in name; he is bandied about by the different powers of Europe as it may further their own ambitious designs. In the words of an eminent English divine, "Papacy is the ghost of ancient Rome, sitting on the ruins thereof." Instead of having the triple crown placed firmly upon his head, and compelling the kings and princes of Europe to acknowledge his supremacy, the pope, in 1848, was forced, by the resentment of his injured subjects, to escape in disguise from the scene of his former spiritual despotism. Spain, which was the stronghold of Romanism, furnishes a memorable example of national degradation consequent upon the national profession of a religion other than Christianity. Once she held the balance of European power; the new world poured her richest treasures into her lap, and the old acknowledged the domination of her mandates. When Charles V. was seated upon the throne, nearly the whole of Europe was subject to her sway; the Spanish soldiery were the first in the world; Spanish diplomacy influenced the councils of all continental ministers, and Spanish arms ruled over nearly the whole of the Western Hemisphere. Now, the military efficiency of this once great empire is so feeble that, but a few years ago, English valor was called in to prevent the forcible banishment of Isabella II. Of her extended possessions in America, but a moiety now remains to her, and these she is in danger of soon losing. The once rich and fertile plains of Grenada are now rendered desolate and waste

by numberless banditti; the navy of Spain, which was formerly her pride and the terror of her foes, has been reduced to a few frigates of the line: her army, compared with its ancient strength, has dwindled to the insignificance of a cipher, and the very key of the whole kingdom is held by a foreign power.

England, on the contrary, which, since the days of Elizabeth, has steadfastly upheld the Christian faith, is securer now in her island fortress than she was when Cromwell raised himself to the protectorship. She has carried her arts and her arms to every quarter of the civilized world. India has been forced to recognize her supremacy, and the hordes of the Calmuc Tartars bow before her iron sway. Near to the "gates of the morning," Persia has acknowledged her ambassador, and she is even now diffusing civilization throughout the Chinese empire. We have here two historical examples, the one professing Roman Catholicism, the other Christianity—the one retaining only the prestige of her ancient fame, the other steadily advancing in power, prosperity and national wealth—the one sunk in the lowest dregs of superstition and tyranny, the other intelligent, civilized, and the freest people on the eastern continent.

For the future, we have the prophecy of him of whose law "not one jot or one tittle shall ever fail," that the time will come when all nations shall acknowledge Christianity, when the church militant shall become the church triumphant, and "wars and rumors of wars" shall vanish from the face of the earth.

From every crusade against infidelity, the religion of the Gospel has come forth pure and untarnished; from every persecution against itself, it has gathered additional lustre and brightness. When the ramparts of popery shall be razed to the ground, and the standards of infidelity shall trail in the dust beneath the armies of the Christian faith, the cross will shine as gloriously and as clear as when, centuries ago, Constantine gazed upon the magic words "*In hoc signo vinces.*" The brightest image of that altar on which the great sacrifice was offered up, appears upon the escutcheon of the southern

night, the most honorable of all the ordinaries engraven upon its azure shield. Humbolt, in his *Cosmos*, says that, only at the hour of midnight does this constellation seem to stand perfectly upright, and the traveler will often hear his guides exclaim, "It is past midnight, for the cross begins to bend." Cannot the messengers of religion and civilization, marching as they do by the light of the true cross, exclaim in every region of darkness and of barbarism, "It is past midnight, for the cross begins to bend," Here, in our own land, where civilization stretches forth her arms, and religion stands in the doorway of every house; where the union of Church and State is unknown, and liberty of conscience and of speech is inviolate, hath not the cross not only begun to bend, but is it not coming down toward the horizon, till it shall touch the hills, now that the Sun of Righteousness is rising over all the land? Looking upon our national blessings and our religious privileges, have we not full reason to say, "It is past midnight, for the cross begins to bend?" X.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

Reader, do you feel glad or sorry that you are to leave these "Academic groves" and "classic shades," or have you a feeling of "mingled joy and sorrow," as some friends declare? Do you not hate to tear yourself away from the fascinations of knowledge and learning, and from the familiar associations of several years, even to pursue that destiny of glory and distinction which your friends, "judging from your college course," predict for you? Do you not regret the loss of the cool bracing influence of morning prayers, unlike De Quincy, who, after leaving his Alma Mater, exultingly says, "the persecutions of the chapel bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupt my slumbers no longer?" Do you not hate to leave the seats of learning where you have been politely introduced to the great worthies of antiquity, Mr. Homer and Mr. Demosthenes, &c. and have

enjoyed their sweet converse so long? Most certainly you do, if you adhere to your "autographic word." Perhaps you are now on the very threshold of your departure, where three or four years ago you humbly begged entrance, and, ergo, it becomes you, in fact it is irresistible as well as pleasant, to cast your mind back over the past few years of life, unlike any which have been or shall be, without perhaps you continue your studies in an European University. Autograph books, pronounced by all to be so hollow in professions of friendship and blessing of good, at least rake up in our minds hosts of recollections now, and on a reপরusal will do the same hereafter; and, by the by, a man's autograph is almost as good as his phiz.

Now, some may refer their sorrow for their departure from college to Johnson's philosophy, "that we never do any thing consciously, for the last time (of things that is, which we have been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart." That college recollections have a charm about them, we all see, when two old graduates meet together, however taciturn on othersubjects, yet on this they become warmed and fluent. There is rarely exhibited such an outgust of feeling as is exhibited at reunions of classes: they vow eternal fealty to their Alma Mater, declares her the best old lady in the world, and her sons (themselves) the best fellows; in fact, from the period of their "ab-lactation," (to use the coined word of a friend) become remarkably matrotic. Then why is it that such a sharp criticism of her pervades the under graduates? Is it because they are like children, irksome under restraint? And do they exult, as if having cunningly escaped from a termagant? Perhaps so, to those who need a *dip* to vouch for what they cannot otherwise show, and to the victims of ambitious parents and to fledglings. But not so with the majority. And now, reader, we will speak philosophically.

College life is eminently fitted for the development of the social feelings, and being also a state of discipline, is irksome to such freedom and ease, so that on the one hand it is looked back upon with pleasure, whilst being endured it is painful and uneasy. These unpleasant duties, afterwards, by

being associated with such pleasant ones, become tinged with a like charm. The person on the verge of graduation, alias the Senior, having become sufficiently matured in judgment to see the adaptedness of the means to his development of mind, repines over his neglect. Such seems to be the philosophy of these feelings.

Reader, do you not recollect your earliest college experiences? How you trembled as you went to be examined before those "great images of authority." How you profoundly respected a college student, especially if he had gone through the Calculus and scanned the majestic lines of Æschylus. How you paid five dollars for allowing your name to be placed upon the roll, (*matricula*) to be called every morning at "prayers," with the understanding that you would answer in "*propria persona*," and not by proxy. How you paid thirty-three cents for a printed copy of the laws—those great principles of eternal justice; and here you are reminded that you have attained the second degree in your development, no longer being subject to the capricious school-teacher, but to *law*; no longer dressed in a roundabout, but with the badges of freedom—a vest and suspenders? Do you not recollect how faithfully you observed these laws—so useful and important; that you never left your room after the tap of the study bell, or went two miles out of Princeton? For two weeks you study with a zeal worthy of a German. But, alas! "study is wearisome to the flesh," and you relapse either under lassitude of body, or under the influence of the example of a college genius, whom the Spectator describes as "typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of the hand in the fob and a negligent swing of the other," and we might add has the rep. of being a contributor to the Nassau Lit. and candidate for Junior Orator. Such are your first recollections. Afterwards you settle down into the easy student. A little reflection will carry your mind back to the many examinations you have sneaked through, from the little Fresh, hour ones to the regular four hour ones; the many delightful walks and talks you have taken with friends; the

many little adventures you have undertaken; your rowls, fizzles and stumps; your evening chats and class meetings.

Reader, do you not recollect when the vast domain of knowledge opened itself to you; have you forgotten the ecstasy wherewith you traced the steps of Newton's grand generalization, and of the steps to the discovery of the cycloid and its train of *political* curves? Have you not felt at home in the "family of circles?" Have you not *blessed* the man who introduced that beautiful device—the chemical nomenclature? Have you forgotten your raptures when the classics unveiled their embalmed beauties to you, and when the noble science of Psychology unfolded the glories of the mind? Then why repine at your Alma Mater who bore you? Why do you speak thus on the one hand, and then on the other represent yourself as from an ideal college with ideal students, fired with enthusiasm in the cause of beauty and truth, where nature and art aided you in study—where long vistas and long corridors aided your meditations—where immense libraries brought you in contact with the great past, and museums of earth's historical treasures exhibited to you the wonders of creation. Such are your ideals in after-talk, and (as far as contributions are concerned) after-action, of a period when Bacchus was more patronized than Minerva, and a good mercurial joke gave more reputation than a fine explanation or acquisition.

But to talk familiarly and truly, college recollections are pleasant; we have a store of good jokes upon teacher and pupil. We leave with some sadness our old familiar room, hacked over with familiar names, and presenting the easy disorder of a student. There is our old, rickety easy chair, carved with the names of associates, and the old stove rusting from the expressed juice of the weed, and the good old lounge, our old familiar books, not dressed like a fancy fop in rich binding and gold edges, but as easy and shabby as an "old shoe." There are our famous court beauties still adorning the walls. As to our "sanctum sanctorum" we will not enter that, for we recollect those cannibal bugs.

How many hours we have spent in cheerful conversation and fun in that old room and around our club table. We ne-

ver can forget them. We never can forget this period, when we put on our "toga virilis," which in American parlance is a pair of mustaches and a beaver—this transition period from boyhood to manhood, under the fostering influence of knowledge and friendship. Never can we forget old Princeton and all her memories. May a worthy historian rise to unlock her rich treasures of history, and mark out ~~these~~ spots in her grounds, classic from the associations of the great.

THE ANTHROPEIOD.

A little distance down the long list of studies, in the College Catalogue, to which the Junior year and class are devoted, may be found that instructive and highly interesting one, known and forgotten, with all its investigations, ingenious reasonings, perplexities and profound absurdities, under the name of "The Differential Calculus."

We have long thought, that, for some reason or other, this study was not duly appreciated: that the interest felt in it was but the differential of what it should be. Now there is, to us, a great admiration for this study. We love to observe how ingenious men can be, in the construction of all sorts of lines, crooked and straight, whirling them, as David of old did his smooth pebble, for a moment, around their heads, then slinging them, whizzing away, far off to infinity. And sometimes, while smoking ourselves to sleep on a Monday or Tuesday P. M., we have found ourselves thinking of what a grand time those old fellows must have, when they get out there altogether: Hyperbolas, Parabolas, Assymptotes, Tangents, and a host of unmentionables, introducing each other, giving the mathematical grip, far away from the corroding cares of earth, where no anxious Demea can scent the fumes of fragrant Havanass, or wonder, "*Cur amat? Cur potat?*" but when, like the gods of Mythology, they relate, over their nectar, their various exploits, while down among us mortals. We have

often wished that some infinital Tantalus would communicate to us "*quæ apud ~~fovem~~ andiverat.*"

And we have, sometimes, tried to inoculate others with our interest in these things, but it never "takes well." In this age, and especially this country, where men go a-fishing under Niagara falls, and look upon the "little stranger," only to plan a contract for the iron in the moon, it must not be expected that any study will become generally popular, which is not, like the age, intensely practical. "Sich," says George Christy, "is life," and it is with this in mind, that we purpose to take up the discussion of a curve of real life, the peculiarities and properties of which can never be fully investigated by the mere Analytics of common life, or without the aid of the Calculus; and, by thus showing that this study is theoretically practical, to do away with the great objection to its pursuit.

Starting from its origin, Eden, the Anthropeiod, has no less co-ordinates than Earth and Heaven. And a curiously sinuous course it runs in reference to them. Sometimes, nobly, after the manner in which it was first described, (Gen. i. 27.), it stretches upward, and runs closely parallel to its great ordinate; again, drawn down by some mysterious influence, serpent-like, it creeps an asymptote course along the earth; and from its yearnings for the one, and base passion for the other, strange, erratic and irregular is the course it progresses onward to infinity.

The whole of this curve can never be seen by mortal man. But segments of it may be found almost every where. In its outset, erratic even then, the tail of the serpent seems to twist itself in accordance with it. You may trace it all along its course through the world's history. You may see it at the present day. The smoke, from the midnight lamp of the student, curls up in Anthropeiodal circles. Notice the orator. "All gestures," say our books, should be made in curves"—but they do not tell us, that these curves, to be effective, should

* So Prof. Alexander calls an Ærolite in his cabinet.

be those of the Anthropeiod. It assumes one of its most interesting forms, in that romantic ideality, which we call love. It here twines itself into links, forming a chain, binding the lover and the beloved together. You may see it every where. It is, in fact, the great curve of human nature.

For ages, the study of the Anthropeiod has engaged the attention of mankind. Mathematicians have found its properties curiously mingled with their own calculations of other curves. Metaphysicians have found it partaking, sufficiently, of the nature of *non phenomena* to warrant a chapter from them. And almost every school boy finds short disquisitions upon it, in the penult leaves of his spelling book.

Yet there has been much of failure attending all this study. The great trouble has been the equation. Whenever, with great difficulty, it has been obtained, what an equation! Immense and cumbersome, involving x , and y , abstractly, concretely, transcendently, implicitly; introducing powers of all orders, radical changes, exponentials, surd terms, and terms absurd; every thing to perplex, every thing to confuse.

To be sure, all this complication gives it a kind of beauty; reminding one of those complex strains, which he sometimes hears at the opera, whose great aim seems to be to show what latent powers of sound there are in nature, and what a wretched world this would have been, if, in addition to the sun, for light, and the flowers, for perfume, there had been placed, in the sky, an immense Caliope, to furnish the world with steam operas. We did not mean to digress, however. This great equation has always been found too complicated, too immense, to serve any purpose, when used in its Azoic age.

Turn we now to the Calculus.

Rule. Differentiate the equation—! Presto! Change! There is a little fact, stated, we believe, in the fourth proposition, which we consider, mathematically, physically, morally, and in all other ways, to be the most ingenious, neat, and above all, necessary invention, which Sir Isaac Newton, or any other philanthropist, ever came across. "When several quantities of different orders are connected by the plus, or minus signs, all may be *rejected*, except those of the highest order!"

How practical. If a schoolmaster has a scholar, who is not of the highest order of intellect, or who does not keep very good order, of any kind, he may, as Mrs. P'n. says, "dispense without him." This will, also, account for that very interesting way which the ancient tyrants and aristocracy had, of chucking quietly out of existence, all those little differentials, who cumbered the equation of their progress.

Let us, now apply this rule to our equation. Instead of trying to discuss the whole curve, let us take up some differential part of it, some point—*P*. And as we are speaking mathematically, not orthographically, *P* may stand for dignity, love or doubt, as well as pride, petulance or pomposity. Study this well, and thoroughly. Obtain its equation, from that of the curve, in general. Cast out every little thing, not worthy of consideration; and, with this expurgation, instead of the ponderous crown quarto, you will have a neat little pocket edition, of mathematical human nature.

We regret that we may not dwell longer on this, the most important point of this discussion. We would endeavor to bring fully into view this fact, that the properties of this curve can be successfully studied, only, by the principles of differentiation. *The curve must be studied in detail.*

It would be interesting, at this point, to discuss several matters, which are usually taken up in the discussion of other curves. We can only glance at them.

Has the curve "*singular points*?" Certainly. This is proved by Logic. For, as the whole curve is a singular one, the points of which it is composed, should be so, too. And, this is an important matter. Take, for instance, the "point of inflection." In College politics, it is, sometimes, quite important to know, where, in a certain character, this is, and great is the use made of it, when found. If you are of a romantic disposition, and notice, carefully, the definition of a "multiple point," you will not find any difficulty in locating it.

We are sorry to add, that this curve has been found to be, most emphatically, a "*brachy stochrone*—the curve of swiftest descent.

Here, we must close. And we do so, with the hope, that as no one is permitted to investigate the whole of this curve, the part you may study may be that which shall lead you upward, in your pursuit, and that you may be called from it, only when you have reached the "*maximum*."

N. L. H.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Here, stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

It should be reckoned among the "*septem miracula mundi*," that the full number of our magazines has for once been published. It is an achievement almost, if not absolutely unprecedented. Sometimes six, but oftener seven numbers have been issued, while the eighth has only been promised and held up in a visionary future before the eyes of "newies" to delude them to subscribe their two dollars as a *tulchan* or stuffed calf-skin, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, is sometimes placed before a cow to induce the animal to part with her lacteal secretion. We must, however, apprise our readers that it required the exercise of no inferior tactics, (we speak with great modesty) to succeed in fulfilling our engagements, and thereby to maintain the untarnished honor of our class. We hope that our successors to the robes of seniority and the arm-chair, will follow our notable example in this and other respects, and that they will prosper better than they did in their imitation of our Rake on last commencement.

Macaulay says that a Magazine is "a delightful invention for an idle or a busy man." Now, either we deserve neither of these designations, or else the Baron is mistaken, for we have found our editorial duties anything but delightful. Nearly every article was obtained only by the most earnest solicitation and a large proportion of our leisure time, since the beginning of this session has been devoted to the proverbially agreeable task of "dunning." Macaulay could not have known anything of the Nassau Lit.; he probably referred to a mag. like the "Living Age," which only demands a good judgment in the selection of articles, and abjures Tables from the Editor. However, we do not regret having assumed our present functions. We have found the "*roseæ inter spinas*." We consider it something of an honor to be an Editor, and as Pericles said, "the love of honor is a feeling which never grows old." Honor ever conduces to enjoyment, and we must confess to a slight gratification on occasionally seeing at the corner of autograph books, in conjunction with our names, the fact men-

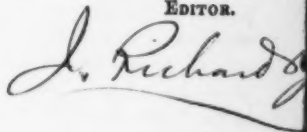
that the millenium is to begin in 1860. Are the facts that we have mentioned among the signs foretold to take place "on the earth beneath?" Perhaps they are the harbingers of the graduation of the class of '58. Some wonders and signs certainly should appear in honor of so memorable an occasion.

The Juniors are now in a very jubilant state, for the time is fast approaching when they will occupy the seats in chapel vacated by our class, and have the *entree* to the Philosophical Hall and Museum. Some are cultivating their beards in order to increase their dignity. [They need improvement in this respect.] Punch announces a very good receipt to get a moustache: "Rub currant jelly on your lips and the *hare* will follow of course." As to ourselves, we have tried all kinds of appliances to start whiskers, but having been unsuccessful, shall now wait like the man in one of Lilly's comedies, till "it shall please the fertility of our chin to be delivered of a beard."

The Sophomores are also in a state of placid enjoyment. They have in view the delightful prospect of freedom from morning recitations, and of initiation into the mysteries of Logic.

They are filled with joyful anticipations of soon being able to answer the posing arguments of consequential Juniors, and to show the fallacy of the syllogism which has for a long time puzzled their brains, viz: Light is contrary to darkness; feathers are light, therefore feathers are contrary to darkness. The Seniors, too, we must confess, are quite blissful. The fact is that they are not altogether sorry to leave college. They look forward with pleasure to class-day, and thence to commencement, when they will have an opportunity, if never again in their lives, *magnum loqui nitique cothurno* before a large audience. Thence, they peer still further into the future and imagine themselves honored and blessed with, as Horace says a "*domus et placens uxor*." Our limits preclude further observations. We only remark, that for the happy consummation of their fond hopes, all, both Seniors and members of the under classes, especially those who have paid up their subscription to the Magazine, have the prayers and devout wishes of the

EDITOR.



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SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
NASSAU LITERARY,
FOR
APRIL, 1858.

18 sups.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

NASSAU LITERARY,

FOR

APRIL, 1858.

by James W. Reese.

(See duplicate vol.)
from Peters' 70

NEW YORK.
1858.

NOTE.—The following article was written for the April number of the "Nassau Literary," but prohibited by the Faculty of the College. Being anxious that it should be published precisely as it was to appear in the Magazine, and precisely as it was prohibited, it has been thought best not to make a single change. This must be the apology for its brevity and incompleteness in its present form.

LADY MACBETH.

The above is the title of an article which appeared, over the name of 'V,' in the Nassau Literary for March, 1858. From no article which has been published in this periodical since our acquaintance with it, have we derived more real gratification than we did from our *first* perusal of 'Lady Macbeth.' Its skilful analysis of one of Shakspeare's most remarkable female characters, its entire sympathy with and appreciation of her motives and her passions, its admirable reconciliation of the womanly with the fiendish in Lady Macbeth's disposition, together with the masterly simplicity of style in which the whole conception is clothed, marked it out at once, as being immeasurably superior to our ordinary College literature. The subsequent discovery, therefore, that the 'distinguished female writer' who furnished the opening quotation had also furnished nearly all the remaining portion of 'V's' essay—this discovery was as surprising as it was disagreeable. But that such is the case is most painfully evident to any one who dispassionately compares the 'Lady Macbeth' of 'V' with the 'Lady Macbeth' of Mrs. Jameson:—unless the possibility be admitted of Mrs. Jameson having borrowed from 'V.' The facts, we are sorry to state, will not by any means, allow this supposition, the 'Characteristics of Women' having the privileges of priority by twenty-odd years at the least, for we find it the subject of discussion among the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as far back as 1832. In order, however, that our readers may have a clear understanding of the relationship existing between these two productions, it will be necessary

to point out as briefly as we can, the wonderful similarity of the views taken by 'V' and Mrs. Jameson of the true character of Lady Macbeth. Both our authors, at the very outset, claim for their heroine an interest extra-historical, so to speak, and due entirely to Shakspeare. In proof of this we collate the following passages :

"V."

MRS. JAMESON.*

We know from history, that she was the grand-daughter of Kenneth the Fourth, the wife of Macbeth, and Queen Consort of Scotland from the year 1039 to 1056. Yet what does this knowledge avail us? Does it ever assist us in studying her character? The sternly magnificent creation of the poet, is the only ideal type we ever form of her; her historic shadow is cast in the back ground by the powerful light of Shakspeare's genius. We know her, not as Gryoch the Queen, but as Lady Macbeth; as such she is ever present to the mind; as such she lives, she reigns, she rules. Page 276.

Macbeth reigned over Scotland from the year 1039 to 1056; but what is all this to the purpose? The sternly magnificent creation of the poet stands before us independent of all these aids of fancy; she is Lady Macbeth; as such she lives, she reigns, and is immortal in the world to imagination. Page 326.

*Characteristics of Women, by Mrs. Jameson, Boston. Wm. D. Tickner & Co., 1846.

Then follows in Mrs. Jameson the passage (beginning 'Characters in history move before us,' &c.,) which 'V' has so exactly quoted as to italicize the very words which are italicized in the original, namely, *basso relieve* and *cut out*. 'V' next defends Shakspeare from any possible charge which may be alleged against him of falsifying history, and does it in the following language, with which compare the first part of Mrs. Jameson's 'Cleopatra.'

"V."

MRS. J.

He did not steal the solid coin from the treasury of history, and having stamped it with a new impression and written on a new inscription, attempt to pass it as

He did not steal the precious material from the treasury of history, to debase its purity, new stamp it arbitrarily with effigies and legends of his own devising,

current; he took the precious metal reverently from the hands of Clio, he rubbed off the rust, polished and brightened it, so that even history has been known to receive it back as sterling.

No! the tragedies of Shakspeare are indebted for much of their power to the influence of Truth. Tragedy stands before the altars of Truth, touching them gently, yet firmly with her hand; and if her features are sometimes veiled in sorrow or distorted with revenge, her words still reveal the Votaries of Truth, the ministering Priestess of her temple. Page 276.

'V' then goes on to give an outline of the whole plot of the drama, all of which is preparatory to a minute investigation of Lady Macbeth's character, as exhibited by her share in its action. That finished, he proceeds, only to find himself anticipated by the 'distinguished female author' in the following wonderful manner:

"V."

As the vulgar idea of Juliet is that of a love-sick girl in white satin, and of Cleopatra that she was a woman of no intellect and unhallowed passions, the common-place type of Lady Macbeth is a fierce and cruel woman flourishing a couple of daggers, with a fiend like expression of countenance. Page 279.

* * * * There is a lesson, a deep moral lesson to be learned from tragedy. Page 279.

* * * * It is good to tremble when we behold the perversion of the highest intellect and

and then attempt to pass it current, like Dryden, Racine and the rest of those poetical coiners; he only rubbed off the rust, purified and brightened it, so that history herself has been known to receive it back as sterling.

Truth wherever manifested should be sacred, so Shakspeare deemed, and laid no profane hand upon her altars. But tragedy—majestic tragedy is worthy to stand before the sanctuary of truth, and to be the priestess of her oracles. Page 224.

Mrs. J.

As the vulgar idea of a Juliet, that all beautiful and heaven gifted child of the south—is merely a love-sick girl in white satin, so the common place idea of Lady Macbeth, though endowed with the rarest powers, the loftiest energies, and the profoundest affections, is nothing but a fierce, cruel woman, brandishing a couple of daggers, and inciting her husband to butcher a poor old king.

Page 328.

* * * * Hence it is that those who can feel and estimate the majestic conceptions, and poetical development of the character have overlooked the grand moral lesson it conveys. Page 328.

* * * * It is good to be-

of the noblest passions. Although the times do not now furnish us with examples of women who, prompted by ambition, murder helpless kings, can we yet say that there are no Lady Macbeths in the world, no women, who, preyed upon by the love of distinction, would now sacrifice the happiness of their children, mar their husband's fortunes, and peril their own souls?

The character of Lady Macbeth, unlike that of her husband, which is one of the most complex in the whole range of dramatic poetry, is simple and definable. Page 279.

hold and to tremble at the possible result of the noblest faculties uncontrolled or perverted. True it is, that the ambitious women of these civilized times do not murder sleeping kings; but are there therefore no Lady Macbeths in the world? no women who, under the influence of a diseased or excited appetite for power or distinction, would sacrifice the happiness of a daughter, the fortune of a husband, the principles of a son, and peril their own souls? Page 328. * * *

The character of Macbeth is considered as one of the most complex in the whole range of Shakespeare's dramatic creations.

* * * * On the other hand, the character of Lady Macbeth resolves itself into a few and simple elements. Page 329.

Up to this point we have allowed 'V' and Mrs. Jameson to march hand in hand down our double columns, but now we must refer for an instant, to Henry Reed's Lectures on English History, for a forcible example of what may be called, at least, a striking resemblance.

"V."

REED.

The fearful energy of her will, the dauntlessness of her resolve, combine to form one of the boldest conceptions in all poetry.—Page 280.

* * * * She displays a fearful energy of will, a dauntlessness of purpose, that is not swayed by any outward or inward influence. Page 390.

We now dismiss the Professor, promising to call in his assistance after a while, and turn our attention once more to the 'Characteristics.'

"V."

MRS. J.

Although she stains her hands with the blood of her sovereign; is the main instigator of her husband and, appears sometimes a being of demoniac cruelty, we are

Again, in the murdering scene, the obdurate inflexibility of purpose, with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indif-

still forced to believe that all her masculine indifference to blood, her inciting crime, and her obdurate hardness of heart, are produced rather by the exercise of will over herself than by any absolute depravity and love of evil. Page 280.

* * * * But be it remembered that her ambition is for her husband—not for herself.

* * She indeed sees the future crown, but it is surrounded by none of those fancies which are, after all, but mere trappings and baubles. The grand strength of her nature lends to her ambition something noble and concentrated, and the profound splendor of her imagination envelops the object of her desire with its own radiance.

* * * She stretches forth her hand for the golden diadem which is to sear and burn her brain. We have said that her ambitious hopes are less for herself than her husband. We are compelled to acknowledge this because, nowhere in the whole tragedy, can we find a single sentence, from which any other inference can be drawn. In her famous soliloquy upon the receipt of Macbeth's letter, we find no allusion to herself. Her aspirations are for him. Page 280.

When they first meet, she greets him with no words of conjugal tenderness: she addresses herself to his future greatness—

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

She sees the sceptre in his grasp—she sees *him* upon the throne—she seeks for *him* the realization of her designs. Whatever may have been her character, as handed down to us through the media of legend and tradition,

ference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself, than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper. Page 334.

* * * * Nor is there anything vulgar in her ambition: as the strength of her affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind, that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her.

* * * * She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain. Page 337.

* * * * She is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference either from her words or actions.

In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself.—Page 335.

HENRY REED.

She meets him with no expression of conjugal affection, no tenderness at his return from the wars, but greets him with his titles, his honors present and promised.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

MRS. JAMESON, AGAIN.

It is of him she thinks: she

as embodied by Shakspeare, with whom alone we have to do, all the selfish side of her ambition is hidden from our sight. The strength of her ambition gives intensity to her passions. Page 281.

* * * * In all her sarcasms and all her scornful sophistries, she shows no contempt for him, but rather the unconscious superiority of an intellect which betrays, not asserts, itself, by the very exercise of its influence. Page 281.

wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre in *his* grasp.

* * * * Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakspeare has represented the character to us, the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight.

* * * * The strength of her affections adds strength to her ambition. Page 335.

* * * * No want of wifely and womanly respect and love for him, but on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Page 336.

The third and last passage which we shall quote from Reed, is introduced to compare with one of 'V's,' both being intended to explain a point of much interest, namely, the reason of our sympathy for Macbeth. This is done in an original and satisfactory manner, and we may add in a way that would have occurred to none but two such profound critics as 'V' and Reed.

"V."

Why is it then that some have a stronger sympathy for the more wicked Macbeth, than for his less guilty wife? We attribute it to that habit of calm philosophic reflection which is so characteristic of Macbeth; that imaginative meditation in which he indulges so frequently. But with regard to Lady Macbeth there is a fearful strength of will and a dauntless energy of purpose, which defies all external circumstances. Page 281.

REED.

In Macbeth's character one large element is the philosophic element—the tendency to reflection. It is this musing, meditative habit of mind, and a susceptibility of imagination which contribute greatly to sustain a sympathy for the character, even after he is involved in criminality.

* * * * She displays a fearful energy of will, a dauntlessness of purpose that is not swayed by any outward or inward influence.

TO RETURN TO MRS. JAMESON.

Having steadfastly the crown before her eyes, surrounding it with an ideal glory, she swoops upon her victim with all the strength and ferocity of a vulture; she goes beyond the pale of her womanhood, and, for the attainment of her designs, she perils her soul, with an enthusiasm as perfect and a zeal as strong, as that of a martyr at the stake, who sees Heaven and crowns of glory in store for him. Page 282.

* * * * We pity the misery of her proud, strong and gifted spirit; and pitying, we cannot withhold our sympathy, but hers is the misery of a spirit which can seek no consolation from religion; which, instead of looking upward for a superior, sees all things inferior to her will. Tragedy always conveys a great moral retribution—this we have now to learn, but how? The conscience of a woman not utterly depraved and engulfed in crime, must some day reveal itself, and Lady Macbeth must feel all the anguish of remorse. Page 283.

But the towering bravery of her mind disdains those visionary terrors which alarm her weaker husband—no “blood-boltered” spectres rise before her mind—air drawn daggers appear not for her—with her the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures.—Page 283.

She lived in an iron age, but the superstitions of her times affected not her lofty intellect.

She was a stern fatalist; with her, “things without remedy” “were without regard.”

He could not give her a confi-

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture. * * She perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr, who sees at the stake, heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. Page 337.

* * * * The power of religion could alone have controlled such a mind; but it is the misery of a very proud, strong and gifted spirit, without sense of religion, that, instead of looking upward to find a superior, looks all around and sees all things as subject to itself.—Page 343.

* * * * Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like Lady Macbeth's, and not utterly depraved and hardened by the habit of crime, conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution is to be displayed to us—but how?

* * * * The towering bravery of her mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband.

Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. Page 341.

* * * * Lady Macbeth is placed in a dark, ignorant, iron age; her powerful intellect is slightly tinged with its credulity and superstitions, but she has no religious feeling to restrain the force of will. She is a stern fa-

dant, for that would weaken her pride.

Page 283.

talist in principle and action—"what is done, is done," &c.—Page 343.

* * * * To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource. Page 341.

Our two authors agree perfectly as to the 'sublime' and 'fearful,' as well as peculiar nature of the punishment Lady Macbeth is made to endure by means of her dreamy unrest and her sleep walking agony, and it is here that Mrs. Jame-son and consequently 'V' are extremely eloquent.

But a few additional quotations will illustrate this more palpably.

"V."

MRS. J.

These acquaint us with what could not have been wrung from the woman by a thousand tortures. Page 283.

* * * * In her sleep her seared brain and tortured heart are laid open to our gaze; and we are there permitted to see the torments of that inward hell.—Page 284.

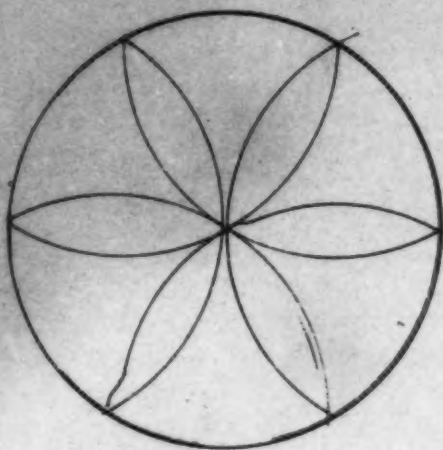
Yet justice is to be done and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths of torture rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell; the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us in the helplessness of slumber. Page 341.

At this point we pause. We have thus traced, calmly and patiently, one of the most wonderful coincidences, one of the most striking literary parallels, that has ever come under our notice. We have endeavored to abstain from all unnecessary reflections that our feelings may have prompted, and to give nothing but a plain statement of undeniable facts. We should have preferred even to insert the parallel columns alone, without a comment, but some remarks were necessary to keep the connection, and to show some points which are evident only when the whole articles are placed side by side.

We now propose, in conclusion, to make a few general observations, in order to give some idea of the extent of this remarkable similarity of thought, style and sentence. We

would, however, earnestly advise our readers to make a careful examination for themselves.

To all who are acquainted with Mrs. Jameson's mode of treating and discussing the women of Shakspeare, it is well known that her conception of the true character of Lady Macbeth is eminently original. She disagrees in many important respects with every Shakspearean critic that we know of. Her analysis exhibits unmistakeably the work of a woman's pen—and that, most truly the pen of a "distinguished female writer." Amid all Lady Macbeth's cruelty and ambition, Mrs. Jameson, with the true instinct of a woman, is enabled to catch a glimpse of something noble and womanly too, she can see something tender and gentle in a heart that could steel itself against all pity, and for the attainment of its darling purpose would beat with no quickened motion, whilst awaiting the commission of a most impious crime. Such, in every particular, is the "Lady Macbeth" of "V." Her character, as delineated by him, accords perfectly with the very able and very original sketch of Mrs. J. All the leading thoughts of "V's" essay, nearly all the subordinate ideas (with the exception of a few that are common to him and Henry Reed) are precisely the same as those to be found in the "Characteristics." And how far the language and style of the two agree, may be seen, principally, from the above collated passages, and still more satisfactorily from an independent and rigid examination.



J. A. Mc Gintley



A
VINDICATION
OF
"LADY MACBETH."

EXPLANATION

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THE END OF THE WORLD

A

VINDICATION

OF

"LADY MACBETH."

by C. Van Rensselaer Jr

(author original essay)

(see Duplicate copy

1 vol. - Peter's)

PHILADELPHIA:

1858.

INDICATION

LADY MARGARET

JOHN T. BENTLEY

1858

"LADY MACBETH."

An article, under the above heading, which was published in the March number of the Nassau Literary, having called forth the charge of wholesale compilation from the editor of the April No., and having prompted the secret printing and circulation of a "Supplement," in which, under cover of an assumed sense of duty, and with a profession of disagreeable surprise, the anonymous writer so presents the article in question, excerpted and garbled, in contrast with the alleged sources, that some, who will examine the "Supplement" alone, will feel inclined to adopt the conclusion there pointed at—I deem it my duty, being, or thinking myself so at least, as much interested in the fate of the article, as the author of the "Supplement," to present the case as its merits and the line of conduct hitherto observed appear to warrant.

To the editorial charge, introduced as a bare assertion, the degree of discourtesy manifested by its introduction, where no answer could reach it, justifies the return of a flat denial: the labored attempt of the "Supplement" demands, in degree and kind, a like reply, and an attempted repression of the emotions which systematic malevolence usually engenders. It might, perhaps, be a question with an uninterested third party, why the anonymous writer of the "Supplement" should pursue to such length a discovery "as surprising as it was disagreeable," should incur the expense of printing it in an edition of 1,500 copies, when the magazine circulates but 300, and, having industriously circulated the one half among hundreds who never saw the article, should reserve the other half for emergencies! It might likewise be demanded why this painstaking, when the tendency of the so-called exposition is, the injuring of a reputation. Imputations are not wont to be cast upon maiden honor, in the absence of controlling motives, nor even when damning evidence of guilty complicity is afforded, do any but professed libertines gloat upon the

scandal, or gossip-mongers aid its propagation. What the motives may be, which have prompted the present attacks, patent as they doubtless would be seen to be upon investigation, I will not stop to inquire, nor will I embody them in the present reply—such an ascription might be deemed invidious. For the "Supplement," however, as it stands upon the printed pages—a collect of charges—an insinuated wholesale plagiarism—no such leniency need be manifested. It is artfully constructed. Breathing a spirit of moderation, its soul is animated with vindictive malice, professing to be actuated by a sense of duty, it shows that there is an obligation not comprehended in "The whole Duty of Man." It strains passages for effect's sake; it neglects to acknowledge that many of the coincidences are either such, as from their peculiarly striking form, the result of happy analogy, or felicitous association, have been impressed, long ago, upon all readers and thinkers, and have been bandied to and fro between writers, upon all topics, for generations, or such as, from their obviousness, would occur to any one of moderate powers, and certainly to him, whom it (though it be ironically) admits to be possessed of "skilful analysis;" it ascribes to Mrs. Jameson and Prof. Reed entire originality, in utter forgetfulness that the volumes of Shakspearian commentaries equal in number those of even biblical lore. It does not admit that originality may consist with any employment of others' thoughts, but impliedly, by its desire for condemnation, insists on the production of wholly fresh material in thoroughly novel form. A harder taskmaster than the Egyptian, it demands bricks from a laborer in a nearly exhausted field; a more zealous guardian than a vestal, it would not grant a fire-brand from the altar, though its own flame were a gift from the sun, and though new fumes would ascend to the same master; it maliciously goes beyond the record, and endeavors to plant the sting of intellectual adherence to a predecessor, of a wilful desire to palm upon others the results of former investigations.

For these reasons, I would wish the reader to follow me in an examination of the parallel extracts, to regard the coincidences, in the attitude and from the stand-point of an impartial third party, and then to judge for himself calmly and dispassionately.

"V."

MRS. JAMESON.

We know from history, that she was the grand-daughter of Kenneth the Fourth, the wife of Macbeth, and Queen Consort of Scotland from the year 1039 to 1056. Yet what does this knowledge avail us? Does it ever assist us in studying her character? The sternly magnificent creation of the poet is the only ideal type we ever form of her; her historic shadow is cast in the back-ground by the powerful light of Shakespeare's genius. We know her, not as Gryoch the Queen, but as Lady Macbeth; as such she is ever present to the mind; as such she lives, she reigns, she rules.

Macbeth reigned over Scotland from the year 1039 to 1056; but what is all this to the purpose? The sternly magnificent creation of the poet stands before us, independent of all these aids of fancy; she is Lady Macbeth; as such she lives, she reigns, and is immortal in the world to imagination.

This comparison seems to have been forced in by the idea that superficiality implies solidity, which, terrified at the paucity of proof would increase itself in bulk until it bursts in the endeavor to grow larger. A diseased eye only could have seen an evidence of plagiarism in the grouping together of several words at the most, and those of such a kind as have been used by writers before Mrs. Jameson. The case is one of historical parallelism, where any one is fully authorized to state facts without referring to their source. Any writer can take facts wherever he chooses and wherever he finds them, nor need he acknowledge their origin, unless for proof. I took this right; and, rather than trust to imagination for events which happened more than 800 years ago, I preferred to state facts from Mrs. Jameson, which she, perhaps, *plagiarised* from some English History. Immediately after these extracts, the author of the "Supplement" endeavors to poison the mind of the reader by artfully and skilfully insinuating that I had transferred, without acknowledgment, an entire passage. We quote from the fourth page: "then follows in Mrs. Jameson the passage (beginning 'Characters in history move before us,' &c.) which 'V' has so exactly quoted as to italicize the very words which were italicized in the original, namely, *basso relievo* and *cut out*." To one, even of discrimination, who had not the article before his eyes, this sentence

would seem directly to intimate that I had purposely omitted quotation marks. It ignores the fact that they *are* there, and charges this to swell the account, and hides thereby the antecedent improbability that a determined plagiarist would make such acknowledgment. These lines are charitably introduced, probably, (to use the words of the "Supplement") "to keep the connection!" What connection is that which hides truth, and pushes forward error, which, under the guise of straightforwardness whispers words of deceit and falsehood!

"V."

MRS. J.

He did not steal the solid coin from the treasury of history, and having stamped it with a new impression and written on it a new inscription, attempt to pass it as current; he took the precious metal reverently from the hands of Clio, he rubbed off the rust, polished and brightened it, so that even history has been known to receive it back as sterling.

* * * *

As the vulgar idea of Juliet is that of a love-sick girl in white satin, and of Cleopatra that she was a woman of no intellect and unhallowed passions, the common-place type of Lady Macbeth is a fierce and cruel woman, flourishing a couple of daggers, with a fiend-like expression of countenance.

He did not steal the precious material from the treasury of history, to debase its purity, new stamp it arbitrarily with effigies and legends of his own devising, and then attempt to pass it current, like Dryden, Racine, and the rest of those poetical coiners; he only rubbed off the rust, purified and brightened it, so that history herself has been known to receive it back as sterling.

* * * *

As the vulgar idea of a Juliet, that all-beautiful and heaven-gifted child of the south—is merely a love-sick girl in white satin, so the common-place idea of Lady Macbeth, though endowed with the rarest powers, the loftiest energies, and the profoundest affection, is nothing but a fierce, cruel woman, brandishing a couple of daggers, and inciting her husband to butcher a poor old king.

These two extracts can be defended under the same head, for which reason they have been brought together, a privilege, which I shall assert throughout. There are ideas, and forms in which they are clothed, which are sometimes so woven into the woof and web of a writer's thoughts, that when he is engaged upon a like subject, he unintentionally makes use of the same words. A reader, especially if he be an extensive one, and have but a tolerably retentive memory, will store up

an amount of knowledge, which will, in a great majority of cases, retain its original dress. It will be almost at his fingers' ends, in readiness to use, when necessity requires. In some of these instances, if you give him but the catch-word, the whole idea or figure occurs to him as if by intuition, and it seems to have sprung from his own brain. Again, there are others, which are so trite, and which are met with so often, that by the very frequency of their use, they can be employed by any one; and especially if the idea be peculiarly expressed, will it be imprinted upon the mind. Thoughts which are every day felt and heard, and which are withal clothed in an unusual manner, cannot help being remembered and re-produced. In the first of these extracts, if, to one who has read Mrs. Jameson, the first line only be suggested by memory or association, the concluding part cannot fail to be summoned up. The figure is one, which has formerly been met with, and treasured up to be again introduced in a somewhat different form. In the last of the extracts, if the "vulgar idea of Juliet is that of a love-sick girl in white satin," and of Lady Macbeth that she is a "fierce and cruel woman, flourishing a couple of daggers," the very fact that such is the vulgar and common idea of these characters warrants its insertion. Those ideas which are the subject of daily conversation and hourly thought surely need no reference to their origin. These are the more easily remembered in proportion as they are felicitously expressed; and where, as in the present instance, the words are so happily selected, as to immediately secure attention, it is by no means strange that the same idea should be presented in form, but slightly differing from that, in which it was first seen.

"V."

MRS. J.

It is good to tremble when we behold the perversion of the highest intellect and of the noblest passions. Although the times do not now furnish us with examples of women, who, prompted by ambition, murder helpless kings, can we yet say that there are no Lady Macbeth's in the world, no women, who, preyed upon by the love of distinction,

It is good to behold and tremble at the possible result of the noblest faculties uncontrolled or perverted. True it is that the ambitious women of these civilized times do not murder sleeping kings; but are there therefore no Lady Macbeth's in the world? no woman, who, under the influence of a diseased or excited appetite for power or distinction,

would now sacrifice the happiness of their children, mar their husband's fortunes and peril their own souls?

* * * *

Although she stains her hands with the blood of her sovereign ; is the main instigator of her husband, and appears sometimes a being of demoniac cruelty, we are still forced to believe that all her masculine indifference to blood, her inciting crime, and her obdurate hardness of heart, are produced rather by the exercise of will over herself than by any absolute depravity and love of evil. * * * *

But be it remembered that her ambition is for her husband, not for herself.

* * *

She indeed sees the future crown, but it is surrounded by none of those fancies, which are, after all, but mere trappings and baubles. The grand strength of her nature lends to her ambition something noble and concentrated, and the profound splendor of her imagination envelops the object of her desire with its own radiance.

* * *

She stretches forth her hand for the golden diadem, which is to sear and burn her brain. We have said that her ambitious hopes are less for herself than for her husband. We are compelled to acknowledge this because no where, in the whole tragedy, can we find a single sentence from which any other inference can be drawn. In her famous soliloquy upon the receipt of Macbeth's letter, we find no allusion to herself. Her aspirations are for him.

She sees the sceptre in *his* grasp—she sees *him* upon the

would sacrifice the happiness of a daughter, the fortune of a husband, the principles of a son, and peril their own souls?

* * * *

Again in the murdering scene, the obdurate inflexibility of purpose, with which she derives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness, that it is produced rather by the exertion of will over herself than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper.

* * * *

Nor is there any thing vulgar in her ambition ; as the strength of her affections leads to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind, that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her.

* * * *

She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain.

* * *

She is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other influence, either from her words or actions.

In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself.

It is of him she thinks : she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptro in *his* grasp.

* * *

Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen," yet in

throne—she seeks for *him* the realization of her designs. Whatever may have been her character, as handed down to us through the media of legend and tradition, as embodied by Shakspeare, with whom alone we have to do, all the selfish side of her ambition is hidden from our sight. The strength of her ambition gives intensity to her passions.

the aspect under which Shakspeare has represented the character to us, the selfish part of this ambition it kept out of sight.

* * * * The strength of her affections adds strength to her ambition.

Our age is an age not of invention but of combination, not of creation, but of construction, and a perfectly original composition, in these times would be as extraordinary to us, as the effects and uses of Spanish artillery were to the ignorant savage. New thoughts concerning human nature are exceedingly rare, but new combinations of thought are of much less frequent occurrence. (This assertion is recognized by nearly all the writers of the present day.) It was the truth of this, which, more than two centuries ago, induced Montaigne (pronounced by Lord Halifax to be the most readable writer he ever saw) to compare his essays to a thread which joins the pearls of others. If this was true *then*, when comparatively, volumes were few and the knowledge of books limited, how much more so must it be *now* when no subject remains untouched, when books are multiplied, without limit, and when general knowledge is increased in due proportion. "It is impossible for a reader to go through a variety of books without finding plagiarism, or, at least, coincidences, on almost every page he pores on." The reader will allow me to quote from the "Introduction to the Study of *Æsthetics*," a sentence, which should be received with deference, and which bears directly upon this point. "At the same time, all minds, even the most original, draw the materials of their fabric from the common field. Originality, therefore, as it cannot belong to external things, and cannot exist in common qualities of mind, in the great prominent features of human intellect, must consist in the finer shades of character, whereby one mind is distinguished from another, and in those alone; consequently it is not a quality to be acquired."

If such similarities as the above can be construed into a

charge of wilful plagiarism, it will be hard to find any writer, in college or out of it, who has not laid himself open to the same accusation.

No! the tragedies of Shakspeare are indebted for much of their power to the influence of Truth. Tragedy stands before the altars of Truth, touching them gently, yet firmly with her hand; and if her features are sometimes veiled in sorrow or distorted with revenge, her words still reveal the Votress of Truth, the ministering Priestess of her temple.

* * * * There is a lesson, a deep moral lesson to be learned from tragedy. Page 297.

The character of Lady Macbeth, unlike that of her husband, which is one of the most complex in the whole range of dramatic poetry, is simple and definable.

* * * * In all her sarcasms and all her scornful sophistries, she shows no contempt for him, but rather the unconscious superiority of an intellect which betrays, not asserts, itself, by the very exercise of its influence.

Truth wherever manifested should be sacred, so Shakspeare deemed, and laid no profane hand upon her altars. But tragedy—majestic tragedy is worthy to stand before the sanctuary of truth, and to be the priestess of her oracles.

* * * * Hence it is that those who can feel and estimate the majestic conceptions, and poetical developement of the character have overlooked the grand moral lesson it conveys.

The character of Macbeth is considered as one of the most complex in the whole range of Shakspeare's dramatic creations.

* * * * On the other hand, the character of Lady Macbeth resolves itself into a few and simple elements.

* * * * No want of wife-ly and womanly respect and love for *him*, but on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated.

These are cases where the "Supplement" strains passages for the sake of effect, and, by enlarging the bulk, implies a corresponding increase of guilty theft. They deserve to and could well be dismissed from the arena branded with falsehood; but let the reader examine them carefully, if perchance there may be some occasion, for which they have been lugged in. Take, for instance the first one. In the one, tragedy is represented as touching altars, in the other, Shakspeare as not laying his hand upon them; in the one, Tragedy stands before altars, in the other, she is worthy to stand before sanctuaries; and in both, strange to say and impossible to explain, the words 'Priestess of her' occur in like order!

Over the others it will be sufficient for the reader, merely to cast his eye, in order to be convinced of the veiled duplicity, and of the maliciousness of the "Supplement."

Having steadfastly the crown before her eyes, surrounding it with an ideal glory, she swoops upon her victim with all the strength and ferocity of vulture; she goes beyond the pale of her womanhood, and, for the attainment of her designs, she perils her soul, with an enthusiasm as perfect and a zeal as strong, as that of a martyr at the stake, who sees Heaven and crowns of glory in store for him.

* * * * We pity the misery of her proud, strong and gifted spirit; and pitying, we cannot withhold our sympathy, but hers is the misery of a spirit which can seek no consolation from religion; which, instead of looking upward for a superior, sees all things inferior to her will. Tragedy always conveys a great moral retribution—this we have now to learn, but how? The conscience of a woman not utterly depraved and engulfed in crime, must some day reveal itself, and Lady Macbeth must feel all the anguish of remorse.

But the towering bravery of her mind disdains those visionary terrors which alarm her weaker husband—no "blood-boltered" spectres rise before her mind—air drawn daggers appear not for her—with her the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures.

She lived in an iron age, but the superstitions of her times affected not her lofty intellect.

She was a stern fatalist; with her, "things without remedy" were without regard."

He could not give her a confi-

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples so attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture.

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* * * * The power of religion could alone have controlled such a mind; but it is the misery of a very proud, strong and gifted spirit, without sense of religion, that, instead of looking upward to find a superior, looks all around and sees all things as subject to itself.

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iron age; her powerful intellect is slightly tinged with its credulity and superstitions, but she has no religious feeling to restrain the force of will. She is a stern fatalist in principle and action—"what is done, is done," &c.

* * * * To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource.—

I have been a close student of Shakspeare and his commentators; the tragedy of Macbeth has had from me, as from most students, a greater amount of attention than most of the others. Lady Macbeth, as is natural, has formed the central figure of every conception of the successive scenes of that wonderful drama. I have read all the analyses of her character which have ever been accessible to me; that of Mrs. Jameson, which strikingly embodies the results of previous and contemporary criticism, did, as it could not fail to do, impress me strongly—its leading paragraphs having had the approval of my judgment, will, in substance, remain on my memory while its tablets endure. Believing them to be not more hers than mine, I, in utter want of any intention to deceive, and the total unconsciousness that such might be even pretended, put upon my pages what I believed to be the true setting forth of the character of Lady Macbeth, care'ess where came the material, and desirous only that my friend's pages might be filled, and the article rendered intelligible.

No article, at the present day, upon the character of Lady Macbeth can claim for itself entire originality. It has been handled so often, and so deeply sounded, that no new revolution can turn out a completely original treatise, no fresh line fathom further its depths.

It will be seen in the above extracts, and throughout the whole of the "Supplement," that pieces are selected and so brought into juxta-position, that they artfully are made to insinuate the idea of complicity, which does not remain, after an impartial judgment. To one, whose reason is clear enough to allow him to perceive this, the bitter rancor of the "Sup-

plement," although hidden beneath the masque of calmness and patience, will be divested of its disguise, and brought to light.

Having now finished an examination of the extracts from Mrs. Jameson with the exception of a single one, which will hereafter claim attention, let the reader look at the following alleged parallels from Henry Reed :

When they first meet, she greets him with no words of conjugal tenderness: she addresses herself to his future greatness—

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!

The fearful energy of her will, the dauntlessness of her resolve, combine to form one of the boldest conceptions in all poetry.—

Why is it then that some have a stronger sympathy for the more wicked Macbeth, than for his less guilty wife? We attribute it to that habit of calm philosophic reflection which is so characteristic of Macbeth; that imaginative meditation in which he indulges so frequently. But with regard to Lady Macbeth there is a fearful strength of will and a dauntless energy of purpose, which defies all external circumstances.—

She meets him with no expression of conjugal affection, no tenderness at his return from the wars, but greets him with his titles, his honors present and promised.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!

* * * * She displays a fearful energy of will, a dauntlessness of purpose, that is not swayed by any outward or inward influence.

In Macbeth's character one large element is the philosophic element—the tendency to reflection. It is this musing, meditative habit of mind, and a susceptibility of imagination which contribute greatly to sustain a sympathy for the character, even after he is involved in criminality.

* * * * She displays a fearful energy of will, a dauntlessness of purpose that is not swayed by any outward or inward influence.

The first, so far from being taken from Reed, can be gleaned directly from Shakspeare himself, and appears so evident from an examination of the fifth Scene in the first Act, that even a casual glance is sufficient to notice it. Why then should the poetry be introduced as a plagiarism? Were my accusers so ignorant of the fact that Shakspeare is its author, as to introduce it here as being borrowed from Reed, when the drama itself furnishes it? The reader will also observe that the second extract is charged with being taken from the same sentence in Reed as the third, and may safely be inferred to

have been introduced to swell the appearance of guilt, and to give the semblance of reality to what is at best an *ignis fatuus* of deceitful vapor. The "Supplement," again for the sake of "connection," affirms, "this" (viz the reason of our sympathy for Macbeth) "is done in an original and satisfactory manner, and, we may add, in a way that would have occurred to none but two such profound critics as 'V' and Reed." Here either ignorance seems to have blinded the eyes of reason, or malice prevented the "Supplement" from acknowledging the truth. It is not aware, or if it is, has purposely hidden its knowledge, that the same idea occurred, over a hundred years ago, to none other than Nicholas Rowe, poet laureate of England. There are many others who have expressed the same idea concerning the origin of our sympathy for Macbeth, of whom it will be sufficient to mention the names of Hudson, Siddons, and Whipple. There now remains but one more extract to be handled, which is preceded by some remarks "necessary to show the connection" (!) which we will insert here.

"Our two authors agree perfectly as to the 'sublime' and 'fearful' as well as peculiar nature of the punishment Lady Macbeth is made to endure by means of her dreamy unrest and her sleep-walking agony, and it is here that Mrs. Jamieson and consequently 'V' are extremely eloquent." Then follows the quotation.

"V."

MRS. J.

These acquaint us with what could not have been wrung from the woman by a thousand tortures. Page 284.

* * * * In her sleep her seared brain and tortured heart are laid open to our gaze; and we are there permitted to see the torments of that inward hell.—Page 284

Yet justice is to be done and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths of torture rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell; the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us in the helplessness of slumber.

The "Supplement" betrays a lamentable ignorance of Shakspeare, if it has forgotten that this scene in 'Macbeth' has been universally acknowledged to be one of the most powerful in the whole tragedy; and where, let me ask, would a commentator be likely to be more 'eloquent,' than over a passage which is productive of the highest emotions?

The sentence would have been more truthfully correct, if it had read "and it is here that Shakspeare and consequently Mrs. Jameson and 'V' are extremely eloquent."

The above remarks, which are charged with plagiarism are the only ones, which a writer on the subject could have made, after having read the passage in Shakspeare to which it refers.

These are all the extracts which have appeared in the "Supplement;" but in the "few general observations," which close the attack, there are several sentences, one of which contains, through ignorance, an erroneous statement, and another, which, through some motive or other, conveys a false idea—these, the reader will allow me to point out, before I leave the matter forever. On the last page of the "Supplement," we find these words: "it is well known that her" (Mrs. Jameson's) "conception of the true character of Lady Macbeth is eminently original."

So far from being "eminently original," her article is so greatly made up of "the flowers of others bound by her own thread," that she herself was accused of plagiarizing from Mrs. Siddons (vide Life of Mrs. Siddons). So far from disagreeing "in many important respects with any Shakspearian critic that we know of" (we quote again from the "Supplement"), there can be pointed out no one important particular in her delineation of Lady Macbeth, which she did not reproduce in some form or other. This was at the end of the last century: how vain then the hope of composing an entirely original article on the same subject *now*, when essays on Shakspeare have sifted every crevice and crack in all his dramas!

The remaining sentence runs as follows: "all the leading thoughts of 'V's' essay, nearly all the subordinate ideas (with a few that are common to him and Henry Reed,) are precisely the same as those to be found in the "Characteristics." This sentence, so seemingly plain, yet so really false, is one of the most skilfully prepared in the whole "Supplement."

It studiously conceals from sight, that the article attacked covers more than nine pages of the magazine; and parades the asserted coincidences as the substantive bodies of both Mrs. J's and "V's" analyses, while they make up, in truth,

not two pages of either, and that granting all it has adduced; but when the reader reflects that many of them, having a catch-word at the beginning and, perhaps, another at the end, are so placed in connection with carefully-hunted-out passages from my article as to convey the idea that the whole middle portion is borrowed, when he sees that others are introduced for no other ostensible purpose than to make the basis of the accusation as large as possible, and that one is actually repeated with no other conceivable motive, he cannot help but see the absurdity—nay, the hypocrisy—of applying the adjectives “calmly” and “patiently” to the tracing out of this “disagreeable discovery.”

If one, who has read the “Supplement,” has followed me in a review of it, and has remembered that it is consistent with originality to employ the results of the labors of others, if they be previously taken up in the mind of the writer, and, in recombination, be invested with his individuality—he will then, I am confident, acquit me of intentional plagiarism.

If this be granted, if the barb of design be removed from the wound, I am, and have been, willing to grant, that the credit cannot be claimed for the original article of being of the first rank. My article on Lady Macbeth was never intended to be entirely original. An essay on such a trite subject, and one which has been so often sounded, cannot lay claim to being wholly original; and it is folly in any one to allege it.

The time to which I have been, it may be purposely, restricted, obliges me to leave untouched all minor arguments as to the motives which might have impelled me to plagiarize, and compels me to stop, when I would gladly proceed.

I have been guilty not of wilful plagiarism, but of having indiscreetly given occasion for its charge. The circumstances of its preparation, passing sheet by sheet, as it was written, into the hands of the printer, precluded all possibility of the revision of the accused article.

I hope that the omission of reference to the sources of knowledge, which was owing partly to inadvertence, and partly to haste, and which was tacitly implied at the commencement of the article, will receive the indulgence of candid and generous minds. This statement is made to the public although some persons, who are competent judges, have thought there was no demand for it.

I have finished, and will leave this matter, I hope, once for all. Turning from the opinion of those who constitute themselves judge, lawyer and jury, I appeal to the reason of impartial minds. In this decision I will acquiesce. V.

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